

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Labour And SEATO

THE forthcoming debate in the House of Commons on the Southeast Asia Treaty Organisation may be the platform for Mr. Aneurin Bevan to fire his first real broadside against official Labour Party policy since he descended to the ranks. An adept strategist, Mr. Bevan may be expected to seize this opportunity to garner further support for his dissident group within the Party from among those known to have a vacillating mind on Southeast Asian Defence. Although no Bevanite amendment is expected in the Commons debate, criticism is sure to be bitter and loud. The main prong of their attack will, no doubt, be centred on the non-participation of India, Ceylon, Burma and Indonesia in the Organisation, a point known to vex a considerable number of rank and file members of the Party. This same argument was employed in the recent Labour Party conference debate at Scarborough in support of Mr. Bevan's resolution opposing the treaty. In September, the party showed no inclination to follow his line and voted solidly in favour of SEATO by 41 million votes to 13 million. However, perhaps the most telling point of the attack against the treaty was that it was initiated by America and supported predominantly by European countries, and that Communist China's exclusion would embitter Peking and make it even more belligerent. Even Mr. Attlee was moved to observe: "What we must avoid is trying to form something in which you get European against Asia. Any defence organisation must have, if not active participation, then the goodwill of the Asiatic countries. I would like to see an organisation, all-embracing with China in it." This suggests rather striking contrast in Labour feeling towards Communism in China and Russia for Labour advocates of Russia's admission to NATO—SEATO's European counterpart—are confined to a small minority on the extreme left. On the contrary, however, Labour's attitude towards both countries is basically the same. It was emphasised by Mr. Bevan when he spoke in Hongkong recently. It is to avoid a dangerous polarisation of the world into two hostile camps. Rightly or wrongly Labour believes there is a chance of salvaging Western relations with China, that the die is by no means cast as it is with Russia where the emphasis should be on reducing hostility as a preliminary to repairing damaged relations. While Labour backing for SEATO in the forthcoming Commons debate is assured, it would be wrong to assume that this policy will prevail. While the Bevanites may never persuade Labour to abandon SEATO, the Attlee view may gain increasing favour.

"PAM" WILL MISS US BY 30 MILES

Saturday Mail Features

Here is a guide to your week-end reading:
P. 5: Did the 5th Duke of Portland lead a double life? This is the 9th article in the World's Strangest Stories series, by Michael Gannon, Giles.
P. 6: Spencer Chapman, best-selling novelist, continues his new adventures "And the Family Came Too" with a visit to the pyramids of Africa.
P. 7: Rene MacColl turns beggar in London's smart West End; the truth about the Beauty Queen, "Circe"; Les Armour's column.
P. 8: Anthony Terry tells of a fashion house in Russia (actually it's a slave camp) where they make dresses for women of the new Russian elite; When should a woman have a baby, Sam Salter, 72, has been at sea for more than 50 years. He tells you his recipe for a long healthy life.
P. 13: The new Russian "attack on Heaven"; Walter Kolari writes about the new anti-religious persecutions in Russia; William Hickey.

News In Brief

BAKERS' STRIKE

Paris, Nov. 5. Paris bakery owners who cut off the city's bread supply in a 24 hours' strike today, will be without tomorrow's supply themselves because their employees have now decided to hold a strike of their own.

Instead of their gaily crusted loaves, 6 million Parisians have had to make do with rusks, Melba toast, biscuits and cake.

HUNT'S NEW CLIMB

Calcutta, Nov. 5. Sir John Hunt, who led the British team which last year conquered Mount Everest, will lead an expedition which will try to climb unexplored Himalayan peaks, the Kanchenjunga, in 1956.

TROOPER'S LAST TRIP

Singapore, Nov. 5. The 14,000-ton troopship, Empire Trooper, commanded by Captain R.H.A. Bond, sailed from here for the last time today. The 32-year-old veteran, which has ferried thousands of British troops from Britain to Malaya, Hongkong, Japan and Korea, is now destined for the scrapyard.

NAVY TALKS

London, Nov. 6. Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, the First Sea Lord, will leave Britain by air today for high level naval talks in Canada and the United States. The Admiralty announced here.—All Agencies.

Big Typhoon Weakening HURRICANE WINDS NOT EXPECTED

No Racing

The Jockey Club announced this morning: "there will be no racing today."

Western Offer To Train A-Scientists

New York, Nov. 5. Britain and America both offered today to train foreign scientists in the peaceful use of atomic energy as a first practical response to President Eisenhower's "atom pool" proposal.

Sir Pierson Dixon, British United Nations delegate, told the Political Committee he hoped the Soviet Union would decide to take part in the "bold and practical" Eisenhower plan.

He was authorised to announce that the British Government could immediately offer a number of places in its four-week training course in the radioactive isotope school at Harwell. Other places might be made available for three-month courses at the Harwell School of Reactor Technology.

TRAINING SCHOOL

Mr Henry Cabot Lodge, the chief United States delegate, said the United States was prepared to establish a reactor training school early next year and planned to invite 30 to 50 foreign scientists and engineers to study there. They were also prepared to invite as many as 150 cancer research workers from overseas during 1955.

Both Britain and America suggested that the proposed international agency which nations in all parts of the earth will be invited to join, should be linked with the United Nations, perhaps as one of its specialised agencies.—Reuter.

Reconciliation For Joe And Marilyn?

Hollywood, Nov. 5. Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio had a "date" last week-end, the blonde admitted today. But she insisted, "There is no reconciliation." "Joe and I are friends and I hope we'll always be friendly," she said.

She said that they got together to celebrate the 12th birthday of Joe's son, Joe, Jr.

However, friends of the baseball hero and America's famous blonde expect that the pair will make headlines with a reconciliation before her divorce decree becomes final.

They said that the former Yankee ball player is trying to win back the sweater girl who accused him in a divorce court of being "cold and indifferent."—United Press.

HURRICANE WINDS NOT EXPECTED

The centre of Typhoon Pamela will probably pass about 30 miles to the south of Hongkong this afternoon. Gale force winds (34 knots and above) are expected in the harbour area throughout the day.

However, as the storm has weakened slightly, Hongkong is not expected to experience winds of hurricane strength (65 knots average).

The Royal Observatory announced this, this morning.

Gale force winds were felt at Waglan Lighthouse, about 18 miles from Hongkong, early today.

A statement issued from the Royal Observatory at 9.30 a.m. today said: "Typhoon Pamela which passed through Luzon Strait on Thursday night passed very close to Pratas Island at about midnight, last night. Seventy-knot winds were reported from Pratas as the typhoon was approaching."

"At 8 a.m. today the typhoon was centred at about 90 miles south-east of Hongkong, moving west-north-west at 12 knots. The centre will probably pass about 30 miles to the south of the Colony this afternoon."

"The wind reached gale force (34 knots and above) early this morning at Waglan and gales are expected in the harbour throughout the day, veering gradually from north to east. Rain is expected to continue all day."

"The typhoon has weakened slightly since it entered the China Sea and the wind is not expected to reach hurricane force in Hongkong."

UNUSUAL TYPHOON

"It is very unusual for a typhoon gale to occur in Hongkong as late in the season as November; in fact, only three such gales had been recorded in the last 70 years. The last typhoon to affect Hongkong was in 1939 when the eye of the storm passed near the town."

Typhoon signal No. 9 was hoisted at 10.15 a.m. It was not until the early hours of this morning that Typhoon Pamela began to be felt in Hongkong. Winds freshened and there were periodically strong gusts in open places.

Nevertheless the cross-harbour ferry services, buses, tram and train services kept to normal schedules.

PUBLIC TRANSPORT
The cross-harbour ferry services operated by the Star Ferry Company and the Hongkong and Kowloon Ferry Company were still running at 10 a.m. today.

The ferry services to Cheung Chau and Tai O, however, have been suspended. Public road transportation on both sides of the harbour continues to operate as before, no curtailment having been announced.

No reports of landslides or house collapse have been received.

ROUGH WATER

Harbour waters began to roughen shortly after dawn with the high tide and "white horses" became more and more evident as the morning progressed.

The harbour was devoid of all small craft. But early in the morning a motorboat braved the elements, lifting and then dipping its bow deep into the turbulent waters.

Football Matches Cancelled

All league football matches have been cancelled for today, the Hongkong Football Association announced this morning.

Lucky Escape For Mrs Roosevelt

Bogart Injured in Studio Accident

Hollywood, Nov. 5. Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt narrowly escaped injury today on a motion picture studio sound stage when a giant movie light exploded, sending actor Humphrey Bogart and two technicians to the studio hospital.

The former first lady was visiting the set of "Desperate Hours" at Paramount Studios when the accident occurred. Mrs Roosevelt was talking to Bogart, the picture's star, when the heavy Klieg light blew up.

Studio officials said Mrs Roosevelt was spared serious injury because her back was turned to the light. Bogart, facing the lamp, received gashes in his head and cuts on his face from glass splinters. Blood ran down his face but this condition was reported to be "more painful than serious."—United Press.

U.S. Diplomat Dismissed

Washington, Nov. 5. The Secretary of State John Foster Dulles today dismissed a career diplomat Mr John Paton Davies, who was until recently counsellor at the American embassy in Lima.

Mr Dulles said he considered the maintenance of Mr Davies in the State Department was "against the national security interests."

Mr Dulles said that before giving his judgment on Davies he had obtained the unanimous approval of a five-member special State Department security committee, which submitted a report on the subject.

This committee, Mr Dulles added, did not find Davies disloyal in the sense that he leaned towards Communism or knowingly aided an enemy of the United States.—France-Press.

No Saar Talks Says France

Paris, Nov. 5. A French Foreign Office spokesman tonight denied that Franco-German talks on the Saar agreement, signed in Paris last month, would take place next week.

He was commenting on a statement by a West German Government spokesman that such talks would be held to "interpret and possibly supplement the agreement."

The French spokesman said his Government considered the Saar agreement "calls for no interpretations."—Reuter.

More Troops Rushed From France

DESPERATE BID TO CRUSH RISING IN ALGERIA

Algiers, Nov. 5. Tank-led French troops marched through the submergible mountains of South Algeria today to break the back of the fanatical nationalist "Army of God" threatening to plunge Algeria into civil war.

As the columns rumbled through the rugged Aurès Mountains where an estimated 1,250 terrorists have been on a rampage of bloodshed and destruction, French officials announced three more companies of Republican security guards would arrive in Algeria before dawn and four more were due tomorrow. Each company numbers 200 men.

Officials said that 175 persons have been arrested since the lightning wave of terrorism struck through Algeria on Monday. A total of at least 10 persons have been killed in the violence.

Barriers of trees and boulders set up by the rebels slowed the tank columns moving through the Aurès region around Batna.

APPEALS REJECTED

French officials said that the general Algerian population has refused to heed appeals to violence coming from Cairo, Damascus, Tetuan (Spanish Morocco) and even Budapest. But they planned to take every action possible to stop the "inflammatory" broadcasts.

In Paris, Interior Minister, Francois Mitterand said that the Government would continue its "policy of repression" of the authors of the attacks but would not resort to collective repression.

Reports said that the rebels in the Aurès region had been generally routed and French troops were in possession of all or almost all of the towns. The troops yesterday recaptured the town of Fourn Toub, about 15 miles north-east of Arris.

Today they fanned out into the hills to round up the outlaws.

"BRAINS" SOUGHT

But so far there was no indication that the Police have broken the back of the rebel bands, although they have been scattered from the heavily populated region.

The Police have started an all-out attempt to locate the "brains" behind the violence. They believed the direction is in Algeria although the rebels were encouraged by foreign broadcasts from Cairo.

(Officials in Paris were officially reported preparing retaliatory economic measures if Egypt does not stop the Cairo radio from broadcasting "encouragement to the rebels")—United Press.

LAWYERS' DUEL POSTPONED

Paris, Nov. 5. A pistol duel scheduled for tomorrow morning between two hot-blooded French lawyers was postponed indefinitely today because of a breach of etiquette.

Lawyers Andre Blagel and Andre de Perseus were to stand 12 paces from each other at dawn and each fire two shots from a duelling pistol. However, the combined influence of the Paris Police Prefect and Marcel Herault, head of the Law Association, ended the proposed "fight for honour"—at least temporarily.

The authorities had been studying duelling rules in an effort to find a way to call off the duel.

It was discovered de Perseus broke a rule when he asked Herault for advice about appointing seconds to back him up when he faced Blagel, who had been practising in a shooting gallery. Acting for advice is not duelling, courtesy and is a breach of etiquette, a police official said.

But this gave Herault the opportunity to intervene as referee.—United Press.

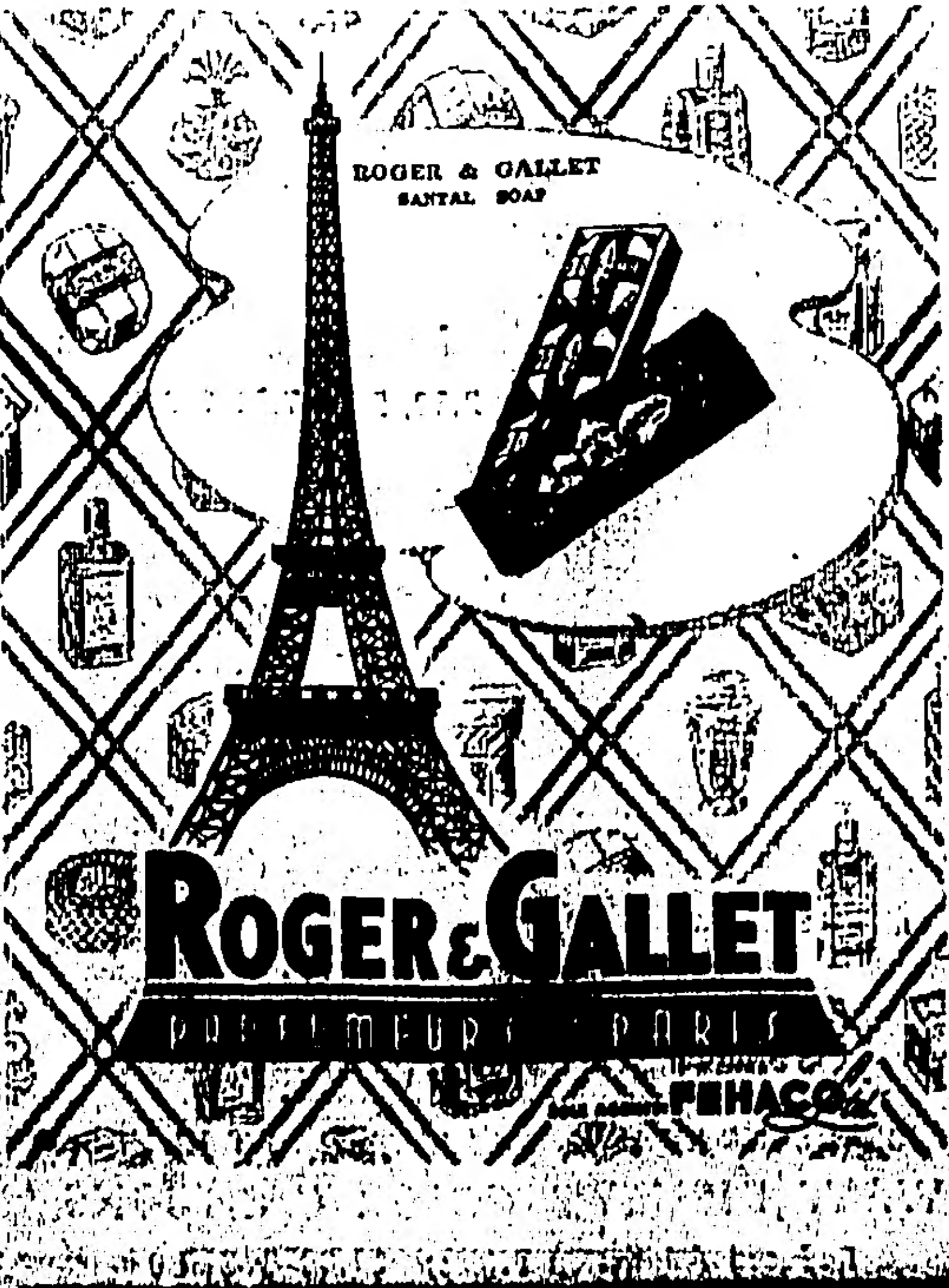
U.K. Firm Wins Big U.S. Contract

Washington, Nov. 5. The Army announced today that a \$1,086,662 contract has been awarded to the English Electric Export and Trading Company, Ltd., for the construction of two turbines for the Tabasco Dam on the Missouri-Arkansas border.

The British company was the lower bidder for the contract in competition with four American concerns. The other companies and their bids were:

Newport News Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co., Virginia, \$1,210,125. Allways Chalmers Manufacturing Co. of Memphis, Tennessee, \$1,238,840. S. Morgan Smith Co., York, Pennsylvania, \$1,316,206. Baldwin-Luna Hamilton Corporation, Philadelphia, \$1,350,000.—United Press.

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PARIS



**THE FIRST, AND
MOST COMPLETE ANSWER
TO PRE-IGNITION AND
SPARK PLUG FOULING...**



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WINE
for the connoisseur...



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OF BRISTOL

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"BRISTOL MILK," "BRISTOL DRY" AND
"BRISTOL CREAM"

Sole Agents
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& CO. LTD.**
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HONG KONG

KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

TO-DAY

ON PANORAMIC WIDE SCREEN

Bob's Hilarious As The Menace Of Venice!

CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT
Color by TECHNICOLOR



BOB HOPE · JOAN FONTAINE

BASIL RATHBONE · AUDREY DALTON · HUGH MARLOWE
Produced by Fred Jones. Screenplay by Robert L. Meehan. Written by the team of Robert L. Meehan and Edward Dmytryk. Based on a story by Anthony Veinues. A Paramount Picture.

ALSO: LATEST PARAMOUNT NEWS

KING'S

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M.

GARY COOPER in

"DISTANT DRUMS"

A Warner Bros. Picture in Technicolor

AT REDUCED PRICES: \$1.00 & \$1.50

PRINCESS

HOLIDAY MORNING SHOWS

TO-MORROW AT 11.00 A.M.



ADMISSION: \$1.50, \$1.00

TO-MORROW AT 12.20 P.M.

NOW AT REDUCED PRICES

JOSÉ FERRER
Academy Award Winner



ADMISSION: \$1.50, \$1.00

MONDAY AT 12.20 P.M.

See it Now!

AT REDUCED PRICES



ADMISSION: \$1.50, \$1.00

EMPIRE

SPECIAL MATINEES

SUNDAY, 7th NOV.

MARLON BRANDO

JEAN PETERS

MONDAY, 8th NOV.

TYRONE POWER

in

"BLACK SWAN"

"VIVA ZAPATA"

AT REDUCED PRICES: \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

RITZ

TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

HIS FUNNIEST PICTURE YET!

DANNY KAYE

KNOCK ON WOOD



FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS



Van Johnson, Robert Francis and Fred MacMurray in "The Caine Mutiny".

"Romeo and Juliet" was not supposed to fade out the KING'S and PRINCESS screens until "Casanova's Big Night" and we were jolted along, after the initial surprise of hearing about "Made in Heaven" by "held-overs" and "final performances" at the KING'S. The PRINCESS found the going a little harder and I find that all the words I'd saved up for you about "Made in Heaven" are now so much waste paper, as it's come and gone.

"Casanova's Big Night" will be followed by "Ride Clear of Diablo" at the KING'S and PRINCESS while the EMPIRE will bring back "Beat The Devil".

"Rhapsody" continues at the CAPITOL and LIBERTY until the end of next week when the next change will be to "Valley of the Kings" with Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker and the newcomer from the Argentine, Carlos Thompson.

At the LEE and GREAT WORLD you can see "Taza, Son of Cochise" and then a British picture, "The Beachcomber".

"Overland Pacific" is on at the HOOVER with an Italian picture following it. The English title is "Son of Lagardere" and it, in turn, will give way to "Act of Love".

The QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA have a stayer in "The Caine Mutiny" and plan to put on "Duel in the Jungle" when it finishes next week.

At the ROXY and BROADWAY is "The Raid".

In one of those film gossip columns that cling to the fringes of the movie trade like burrs to a horse's tail I read that Bob Hope is giving up making films in the center of attraction. He and his advisers have realised that funny though these rumps can be, there's a very definite limit to their appeal.

It is rumoured that the new Hope will be seen in the character of an American comedian now dead—Eddie Foy. I wonder if he'll be able to do it effectively.

Lately, in whatever guise he's appeared, it's been rather like watching a favourite brother dressed up as an Indian, or a pirate or Casanova's double. You know he can make you chuckle and you're fond enough of him to pretend to laugh even when he's not being particularly funny.

But there's a limit to your patience and tolerance. Suddenly you realise that the genuine chuckles he provokes are getting fewer and the line of tolerance is having to be stretched too tightly for comfort.

I think Bob Hope and his friends were beginning to realise this when they planned "Casanova's Big Night". To help him out they've drawn on such highly talented feature players as Vincent Price and Basil Rathbone, while as his leading lady they've thrown in a person you'd hardly expect to see in a Hope comedy—Joan Fontaine.

MAJESTIC

AIR-CONDITIONED

SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

ON WIDE SCREEN



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

SUEAN MAYNARD in "WITH A SONG IN MY HEART"

Color by Technicolor

At Reduced Prices

magnified, glorified and served up as a piece of bravery deserving the highest commendation.

The incident in question is the burning by the Confederates of the northern town of St Albans, Vermont, in retaliation for the sacking by the Union Troops of Atlanta in Georgia.

It wasn't an accident of war or the fact that St Albans lay in the path of advancing or retreating soldiers; it was just a brutal, premeditated destruction of the homes of innocent women and children who couldn't have had less connection with the burning of Atlanta.

Yet "The Raid" presents these barbarians as heroes. It says that "For Jeff Davis... For Lee... For the glory of their beloved Southland they rode again".

I haven't seen the film, so I don't know how they've justified the act, but from the story, every move made by the band of Confederates is an indictment.

Led by a Major and a Lieutenant (Van Heflin and Lee Marvin respectively) they break out of a Union prison in New York State and make their way to Canada.

From there they unostentatiously filter into St Albans and proceed to wheedle their way into the favour of the unsuspecting townspeople.

Among the friends Van Heflin makes, the closest are a young widow, her young son, and a true-blue Union captain. It wouldn't be possible to find three less worthy opponents.

Don't imagine that there's a change of heart in the last reel either—the raid is systematically planned and executed as an act of revenge and how the producer has contrived to pull Van Heflin through the picture and out the other side still a sympathetic character is something I shall be most interested to see.

INSPIRED FOOLING

If you didn't have a chance to see "Beat The Devil" when it was first played here in September you'll have a second opportunity next week when the EMPIRE is bringing it back.

This piece of inspired fooling is enormous fun and well-worth a second visit even if you saw it before.

It's directed in a Continental way by American John Huston and the cast (Humphrey Bogart, Gina Lollobrigida, Jennifer Jones, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre and Edward Underdown head the list) work as a perfect team.

"Tirepitz" Attack Makes A Film

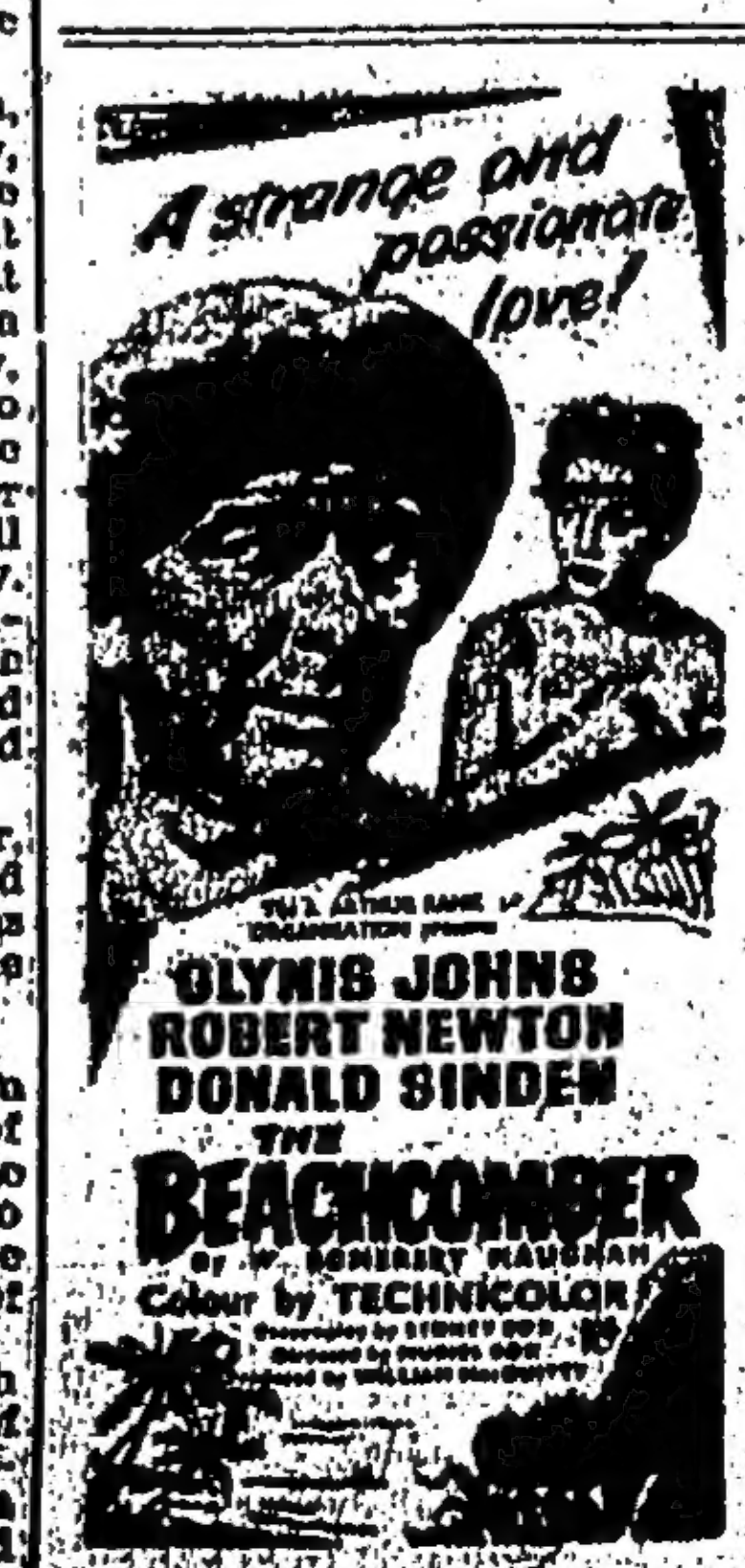
John Mills is in uniform again. Few stars can have battled their way through so many war films.

New one is Pinewood's "Above Us The Waves" story of the attacks on the German battleship "Tirpitz" by Britain's "human torpedoes" and midget submarines.

Mills heads an all-male cast which includes Donald Sinden, John Gregson, Michael Madson and James Robertson.

Picture is based on a best-seller of the same title by C.E. T. Warren and James Benson who served together during the war in the 12th Submarine Flotilla.

It will include official film, hitherto unseen by the public, of actual undersea operations.



Coming To LEE and GREAT WORLD

The result is a sort of Christmas pantomime, with all the stock jokes played to the hilt. There's Hope, the self-avowed coward; Hope, the reluctant lover with dreams above his recompense; Hope being chased by sinister characters etc., etc.

With a name like his the temptation to pun is too great for me to resist, so let me get it out of my system by saying that I kept hoping that a big laugh was just round the corner. Let me also admit that I did enjoy the picture, but more for fraternal reasons than from genuine amusement.

The whole thing is based on the generally accepted success of the real Casanova with the ladies. For various reasons Bob Hope poses as the great lover and gets mixed up in the intrigues of the powerful rulers of the Italian cities.

Arnold Moss plays the Duke of Venice in real Demon King style, while Basil Rathbone makes a most convincingly successful gentleman's gentleman. Joan Fontaine must have accepted her part for the fun she got out of playing it.

After a long absence from the screen, the face of John Carandine is again used. Those gaudy, mournful features used to figure prominently in smaller

The time is 1872 when the Indian wars were virtually over, a shaky peace between Cochise, Chief of the Apaches, and the United States having been concluded. A last spurt of fighting breaks out, however, after the death of Cochise, with a rebellious faction in one of the tribes backing the treacherous Geronimo against Taza and the white men.

As it's impossible to deal with the film from the acting angle, I must mention what appeared to me to be a production fault. It was the similarity between the features of many of the actors taking the parts of Indians.

Several times I missed the significance of a piece of action by not immediately recognising the player. This could have been remedied by more variations in dress and make-up and is a serious mistake in an action picture.

Rock Hudson makes a likeable Taza with just the right amount of authority in his voice, though it doesn't seem compatible with the present glorification of the red men to make a son of the great Cochise a mere sergeant when he turns out for the reservation auxiliaries. Barbara Rush is his faithful Indian maid.

REDSKINS AGAIN

The early communications problems of the USA form the basis of "Overland Pacific".

The two handsome he-men, hero and heavy respectively, arrive in the States during the American Civil War but find that peace time brings different standards. One becomes a gambler, not only with money, but in land. He's prepared to back his investments with force and doesn't let a little mother-like bringing Red Indians to kill his own people stand in his way. His friend works for the company engaged in building the railway that he had hoped would run across the land he'd bought.

William Bishop is the gambler, Jack Mahoney the red man and Peggie Castle and Adele Jorgensen the two girls who get in the way of the fighting.

"The Son of Lagardere" is a sort of Monte Cristo story of vengeance, filmed in Italy. The son is Ruggiero Brizzi who played in "Three Coins in the Fountain" and "Castle of Steel".

Murder and sudden death are commonplace in "Son of Lagardere" so if you like pictures with the kidnapping of a young girl thrown in for good measure, so if you like your pictures to be slown with corpses, this is your meat.

CRUELTY GLORIFIED

It seems a little strange to me that a "crisis" has been reached in the history of the world.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.10, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. || 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

2nd WEEK!

THE CAINE MUTINY

IS AS BIG AS THE OCEAN!

Starring **HUMPHREY BOGART · JOSE FERRER · VAN JOHNSON · FRED MACMURRAY**
and **ROBERT FRANCIS · MAY WYNN** Color by TECHNICOLOR · A STANLEY KRAMER PROD.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.

QUEEN'S
Warner Bros. - Columbia
Variety Program
(3 Stooges-Color Cartoons)
AT REDUCED PRICES!

ALHAMBRA
Universal's Technicolor
"MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER"
with Tyrone Power
Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

LEE · GREAT WORLD

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY

HE LED THE APACHE NATION'S WILD REVOLT AGAINST GERONIMO'S PILLAGING HORDES!



MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

LEE THEATRE
At 12.00 Noon
Mighty Mouse
Colour Cartoons
At Reduced Prices!

GREAT WORLD
At 12.30 P.M.
Walt Disney's
Colour Cartoons

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
A Panoramic Production
On Our Panoramic MAGIC MIRROR Screens!



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.00 NOON

ROXY Jean PETERS, Louis JOURDAN in "ANNE OF THE INDIES" in TECHNICOLOR A 20th Century-Fox Picture — Reduced Admission — ROXY: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70c. BROADWAY: \$1.20 & 70c.

HOOVER Last Performances

2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



STARTING TO-MORROW: A romantic adventure of medieval Europe "THE SON OF LAGARDE" SPECIAL SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE AT 12 NOON WALT DISNEY'S COLOR CARTOONS Reduced Admission Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

HE STARTED HIS BANK IN
A SALOON: TODAY IT'S
THE BIGGEST IN THE WORLD

San Francisco.
On October 17, 1904, a farm boy of Italian descent who had made enough money to retire at 31 opened the "Bank of Italy," in an old saloon building near the San Francisco waterfront.

His name was Amadeo Peter Giannini. The bank he founded, which had celebrated its 50th birthday, became the gigantic Bank of America, the largest, richest and most revolutionary private banking organization in the world.

Hardly a town of any size in California is without its Bank of America branch. The bank's operations have influenced the business and financial growth of the entire Pacific coast area. And the banking world is still reeling from the impact of Giannini's unique methods.

Giannini died five years ago at the age of 70. The bank he organized, under the leadership of the "little fellow" has over \$100,000,000 in resources, making it \$2,000,000,000 ahead of the second largest, the National City Bank of New York.

The Bank of America has 20,000 employees in 125 countries in California, 10,000 in London, Manila, Tokyo, Yokohama, Kobe and many other cities in New York, Paris, Milan, and Zurich.

Pioneering

The bank has fostered more "firsts" than any other financial institution. It pioneered home-building loans repayable in monthly installments, in farm financing at low interest rates,

in school savings programmes, in "Christmas Club" savings accounts and in "taxtime" savings plans.

Giannini, who was born at San Jose, California, the son of an immigrant father, had accumulated \$100,000 in the produce business in his 20's. He retired at 31 to live off a \$250 a month income from his investments, saying he did not want to be any richer.

"No man actually owns a fortune; it owns him," he said.

Policies Annoyed Him

But while serving as a director of a small San Francisco bank, he became so annoyed with its policies he decided to start his own bank. He was 31 and by borrowing from relatives and friends he managed to open the "Bank of Italy" with a capital of \$150,000.

By advertising and high-pressure salesmanship, which outraged the city's traditional bankers, Giannini built up a thriving business among farmers and labourers of San Francisco's Italian Colony. He often lent money on doubtful security that no other bank would touch.

San Francisco's earthquake and fire in 1906 left the Bank of Italy building in ruins. Giannini retrieved the bank's currency from the debris and hauled it through the streets hidden under heaps of vegetables in a wagon. He buried it in the garden at his home until the initial panic had subsided.

The second day after the earthquake, while other bankers were wringing their hands in confusion, Giannini "re-opened" his bank—sitting behind a desk on a debris-littered street, lending money to rebuild homes and restore business inventories. He kept records of the emergency loans in a "calamity day book" and said later every loan was repaid.

Large Gold Reserve

The Bank of Italy opened its first branch in San Francisco in 1907, its first out-of-town branch in 1909 at San Jose. The infant enterprise weathered the panic of 1907 because Giannini

had foreseen it and accumulated a large gold reserve.

"A.P." as Giannini was called, retired in 1930, soon after the Bank of Italy had purchased New York's Bank of America and adopted that name. He also had formed the Transamerica Corporation as a holding company to control the banking empire.

Besides being the first to grant loans to wage earners on a signature basis, Giannini's bank was the first to finance purchases of cars.

While the Bank of America grew and grew, Giannini stuck by his resolution not to become a multimillionaire. When he died in 1949, he left an estate of \$600,000, United Press.

HIS JOB DEPENDS ON
A SENSITIVE NOSE

Cognac.
Raymond Filioux is a man who couldn't hold his job if he didn't have a sensitive nose.

VERSATILE
MIGRANT

Montreal.
English-born Sybil Scott has managed to gain quite a unique reputation for herself in the five years since she has been in Montreal.

The blonde, petite Miss Scott—who was a civil servant in England—started off by selling dresses when she first arrived in the city. She thought it would be a good way of brushing up on her French.

With that done, Sybil decided to tackle a different sort of job. She joined the handful of Canadian women who sell cars, and she's doing a terrific job, say her employers.

But that doesn't occupy all of Miss Scott's time. She also manages to do quite a bit of fishing (her best catch: 2 1/2 lb. trout) and on the side, writes children's stories.—United Press.

THEY RECEIVE INSECTS
GALORE BY MAIL!

Washington.
This is the season for spiders, the Government bug expert said a little sadly.

People find spiders around the house. So they wrap them up, generally not too well, and ship them off to the Agriculture Department to find out what they are.

A little earlier it was flea season. In mid-summer it was Japanese beetles. Before that it was termites.

They come in envelopes, boxes and jars, and they wind up in the FBI of the insect world, tucked away in the big, rambling Smithsonian Institution here.

The staff is composed of 28 Agriculture Department and Smithsonian insect specialists and 24 aides under the direction of Dr. Paul W. Oman of the Agriculture Department and Dr. J. F. Yates, Clark of the Institute.

But it literally serves the world, though its main job is identifying insects for American research and health officials.

Dr. Oman's insect identification unit will oblige anybody anywhere who sends in a specimen of a bug, preferably packed in a vial of rubbing alcohol. Most insects mailed in by private citizens turn out to be common farm and household pests, and veteran specialists have found a seasonal pattern in the requests for information.

Termite Season

Spring is termite season. Nervous homeowners catch a winged bug in the house and mail it to Washington with visions of carpenter termites. The Government experts are able to

banish the worry for most of them. Only about a third or a half of the people who think termites are chewing up their houses actually have termites, Dr. Clark said.

In the autumn, puzzled people begin mailing in fleas for identification, wondering why their homes are full of small, biting creatures. The answer, generally, is that two weeks before the fleas begin biting, John Citizen and the family leave on vacation and check the family dog in at the neighbourhood kennel. In the empty house, the flea that normally nibbles at Fido gets hungrier and multiplies. They greet the returning family with the enthusiasm of a starving man rushing a beefsteak.

Insect identification is a job for experts because there are 82,000 different types in the United States alone, and millions more in the world.

Slight Difference

The difference between an insect causing millions of dollars in damages annually and his perfectly harmless cousin may be so slight that it can be detected only by a scientist who had spent years studying a single branch of the insect kingdom.

State and local health officers who suspect insects of guilt in spreading epidemics often send specimens to the Agriculture Department Identification Service. Other state and federal agencies also rely on the service to identify the tiny culprits responsible for damage to food, stored products, wood and other things so remedial action can be taken.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"It's only a permit to play football, dad—not half as dangerous as riding around in the car with mom driving!"

No Springs In

This New
Electronic
Watch

Montreal.
French and American watchmakers worked for five years to take the tick out of time. The result can be on your wrist next year.

If you have 283 to spare.

That is the estimated cost of the prototype, an electronic watch for men in solid gold. But the makers say the price will fall, until in 10 years' time an electronic watch will cost less than a good automatic watch.

The watch made its Canadian debut at the French Trade Fair recently held in Montreal. The basic fact about it is that it has no springs and needs no winding. Until this watch was produced, a watch without springs was like a car without gas—it would not go.

Then a former artillery engineer, Dargier Do St Vaultry, who had worked with the electronic fuse, said to a man named Lip that he did not see why they could not make an electronic watch.

A FREE HAND

M. Lip is the head of France's largest watchmaking firm. He gave St Vaultry working facilities and a free hand.

An American firm was also known to be interested in the idea. The two firms agreed to pool their discoveries.

The watch they produced has a tiny motor and a battery the size of a coffee bean. The battery utilizes 95 per cent of the energy it generates. A car battery can use only 10 per cent.

The electronic watch is practically silent. Instead of the familiar tick, it makes only a very faint pulsing sound.

It needs no attention, except for a change of battery every two years. And while even the best watch springs have a margin of error in telling the time, the electronic watch is 100 per cent accurate.

TINY WINDOW

Although it has no knob, the watch can be stopped and the hands moved by turning a gadget in the back. When the watch is going a tiny window in its face shows a black indicator. When it is stopped, a red indicator appears.

The French company's export manager, M. Joseph Chaland, says the principles of watch-making had not changed for 450 years until the electronic watch was developed.

There had been improvements, like the invention of the unbreakable mainspring and the shock absorber but the principles remained the same.

The electronic watch, protected by 27 copyrights, is already in mass production though not yet on the market. It is expected to revolutionize the industry.—United Press.

New Commissioner
Of MacDonalds
Is An American!

Ile de Skye.
An American member of the clan MacDonald today was named "Ard Toschaichdeor" or High Commissioner of the famed Scottish clan.

Lord MacDonald of MacDonald, Chief of the clan, announced from Armadale Castle that he has granted his commission as Ard Toschaichdeor to his senior cadet in the United States, Reginald H. MacDonald of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.—United Press.

Asked by the judge why he was suing for divorce, an irate husband declared: "When I married her nine years ago, she brought her mother to live with us as a cooking teacher. My mother-in-law is still with us but my wife hasn't learned how to cook."—United Press.

One Cook Too Many

Tel-Aviv.
Asked by the judge why he was suing for divorce, an irate husband declared: "When I married her nine years ago, she brought her mother to live with us as a cooking teacher. My mother-in-law is still with us but my wife hasn't learned how to cook."—United Press.

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Reunited
After
24 Years

Sacramento, California.

A Sacramento gardener who says he was declared legally dead years ago at Laporte, Indiana, was reunited recently with the woman he believes is his mother.

The gardener, who says he is Raymond Walter Beecher, 49, visited Mrs. Harry H. Schultze, 69, Jackson, California. He said he had sought her for 15 years.

Beecher said a transient killed by a train at Laporte in the early 1930's was buried as Beecher. But Mrs. Schultze never gave up her belief a mistake was made and her son really was alive.

They last met in 1929. Then for years, Beecher moved from city to city working odd jobs and Mrs. Schultze moved from town to town with her husband, a highway construction contractor. They lost track of each other.

After their reunion, Mrs. Schultze said she wants more proof the gardener is her son. They met through the efforts of Jerry L. Reynolds, a Sacramento reporter. Beecher had caught up in locating Mrs. Schultze.—United Press.

Should Women Become
Air Force Pilots?

Ottawa.

Airwomen at the R.C.A.F. station at St Hubert near Montreal were asked if women should be trained as Air Force pilots. Only two gave a unqualified "yes."

The poll was made by Colonel Esther Gardner, Command Headquarters at the station. Eight of 13 airwomen questioned were doubtful and three replied "no."

The results of the casual poll were published in the latest issue of the "Roundel," the R.C.A.F.'s service magazine.

Flying Officer Barbara Grunlund said "some airwomen would no doubt make successful flyers," Sergeant Helen Rooke felt that "qualified women flyers could be enlisted as flyers on a trial basis and used in air transport."

Corporal Dolores Peck, Agnes Weston and Julie Chechotko all thought the Air Force would take a financial beating if training of women flyers were started. They felt that women were "not emotionally stable enough for flying duties."

Only One
Corporal Weston told Esther Gardner that only one airwoman on this station would make a good pilot. This was Leslie Brown, Helen Sanday.

L.A.W. Mary Honeyman was that airwoman who said she had "pioneered" in flying in every other branch of the army, but not

flying." She said if she had to choose between flying and marriage, she'd pick flying.

Sgt. Kay Duney said if a suitable type of woman was selected who would plan on making a career out of flying, she would be an asset to the R.C.A.F.

Perhaps Some
L.A.W.'s Dorothy MacKay, Rachel Dushabon, Barbara Cotic and Violet Andrews and Corporal Maria Duleta were questioned next. Their spokesmen, Dorothy MacKay said "we certainly believe that some airwomen could become good pilots."

L.A.W. Mary Honeyman regarded the idea of the R.C.A.F. training women pilots as "an excellent one." She was sure it would be well worth the time and money involved.

Warrant Officer Sidney Harding, the only man to whom the question was put, was quoted as saying he "firmly believes that a woman's place is in the home and certainly not in the cockpit." He thought that his planes were "beyond a woman's scope" and that the average woman "could not become a successful flyer."—United Press.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



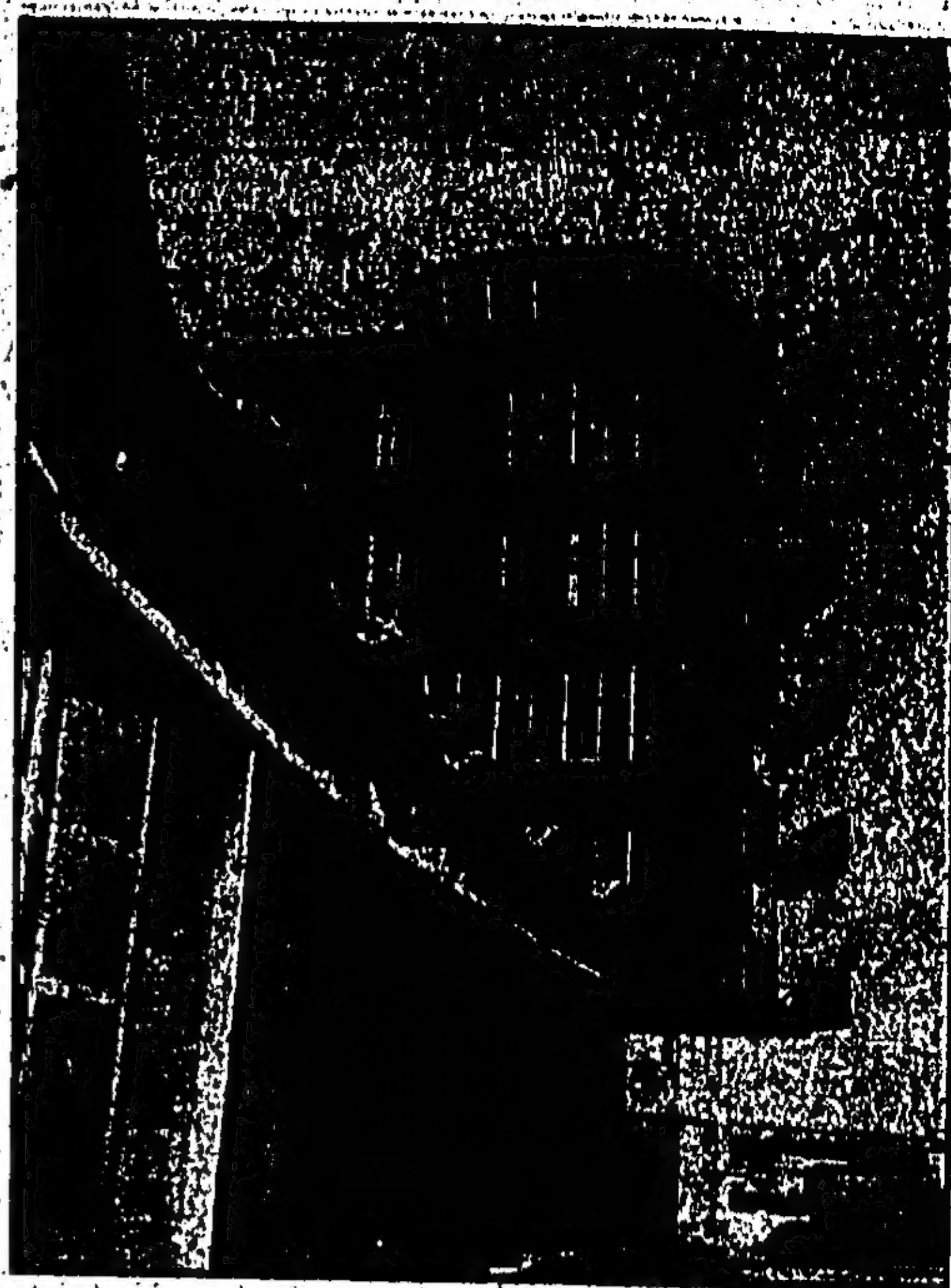
THREE young Danish Princesses were bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Mary North, daughter of Admiral Sir Dudley and Lady North, to Mr Morgens Hartung, a Danish businessman. The bride is here seen with (from left) Princess Anne-Marie, aged 8, Princess Benedikte, 10, and Princess Margrethe, 14, who is heir to the Danish throne. (Central)



SIX members of the Coventry City Council who flew to Stalingrad to discuss the banning of the hydrogen bomb. Top to bottom: Councillors A. Waugh, E. McGarry, E. Williams, Mrs E. Jones, Alderman S. Stringer and the Lord Mayor, Alderman J. Fennell. (Central)



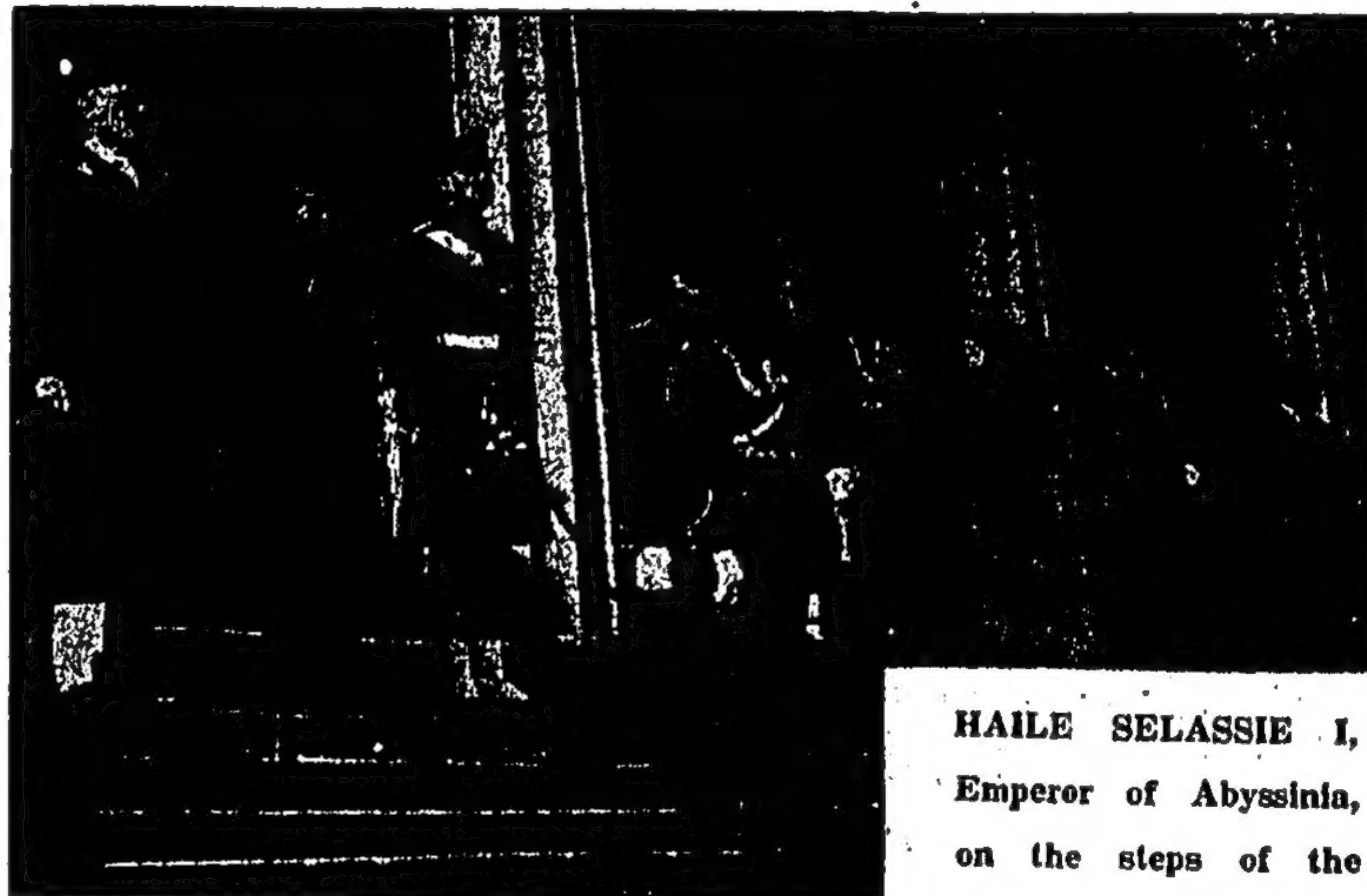
JIM PETERS, the marathon runner, at home with his son Robin. The unofficial holder of the world marathon record is cleaning the cups and trophies he has won. (Express)



THIS futuristic building, commanding a wide view over the Hertfordshire countryside, is the new control tower of Hatfield Aerodrome, from which most of the development flying for de Havilland aircraft is conducted. (Reuterphoto)



LEFT: Twenty-two-year-old Princess Yhara Rachid-Abdullah of Morocco, a relation of the Sultan of Morocco, pictured in London where she is learning English. The Princess, brought up in Marrakesh, has lived in Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Scandinavia and Germany, and speaks six languages. (Express)



HAILE SELASSIE I, Emperor of Abyssinia, on the steps of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, from which he took the salute at the Sovereign's Parade. (Army News)



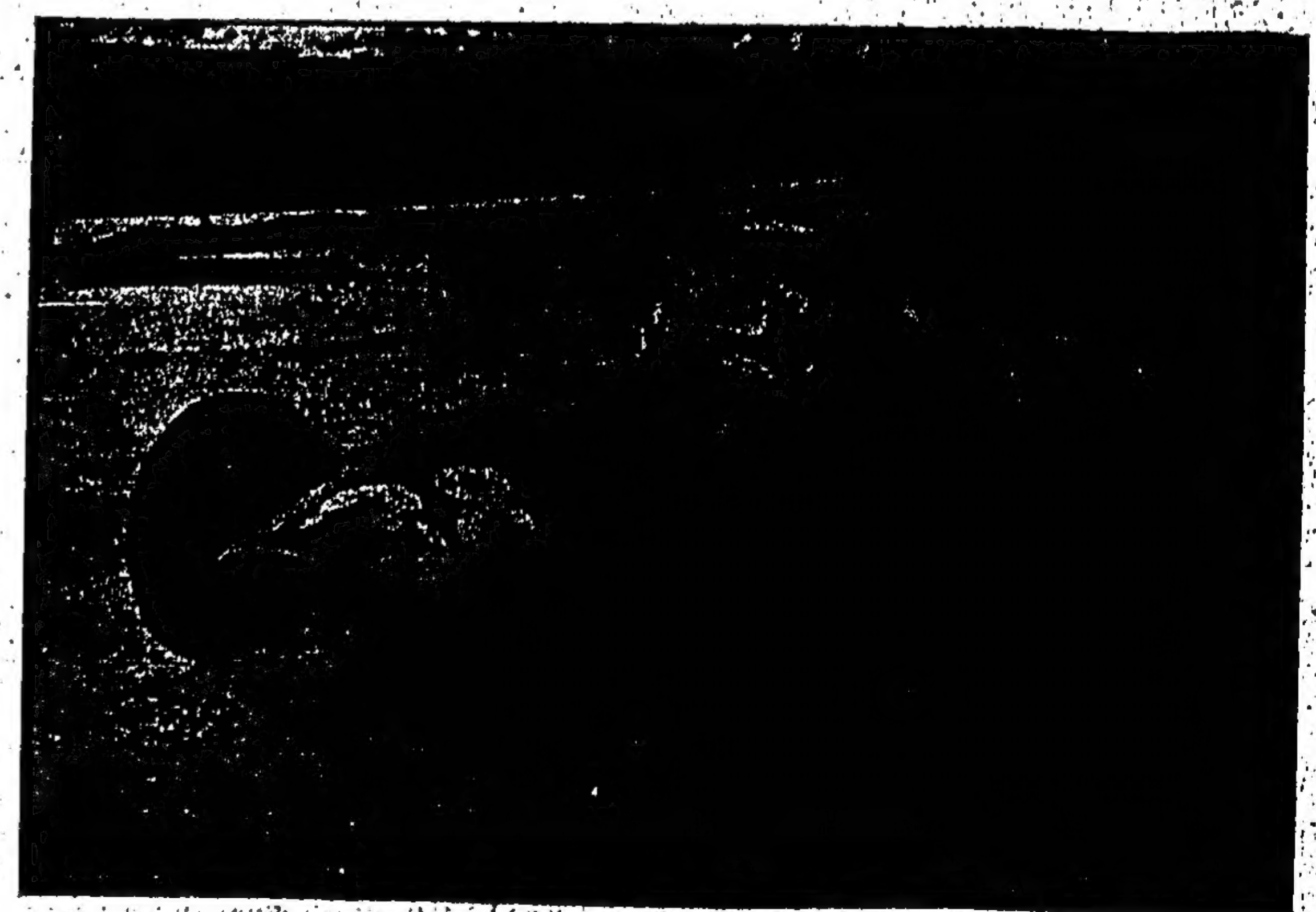
THIS young gentleman doesn't seem to be impressed by student nurse Brenda Smith's demonstration of the strength of a new collapsible children's cot at the London Nursing Exhibition. The exhibition was for professional nurses only. (Reuterphoto)



BELOW: At the Dairy Show held at Olympia, Blackfield Navybell, seen here, was declared supreme champion. She is owned by Mrs M. K. Anderson, of old Surrey Hall, East Grinstead. (Central)



THE nine-week-old litter of Siamese Sealpoint kittens belonging to Mrs N. Davies of Rugby, seen at the Siamese Cat Club's championship show held at the Royal Horticultural Society's Old Hall, Westminster. The name of the mother of these delightful kittens is "Coronation Pandora." (Express)

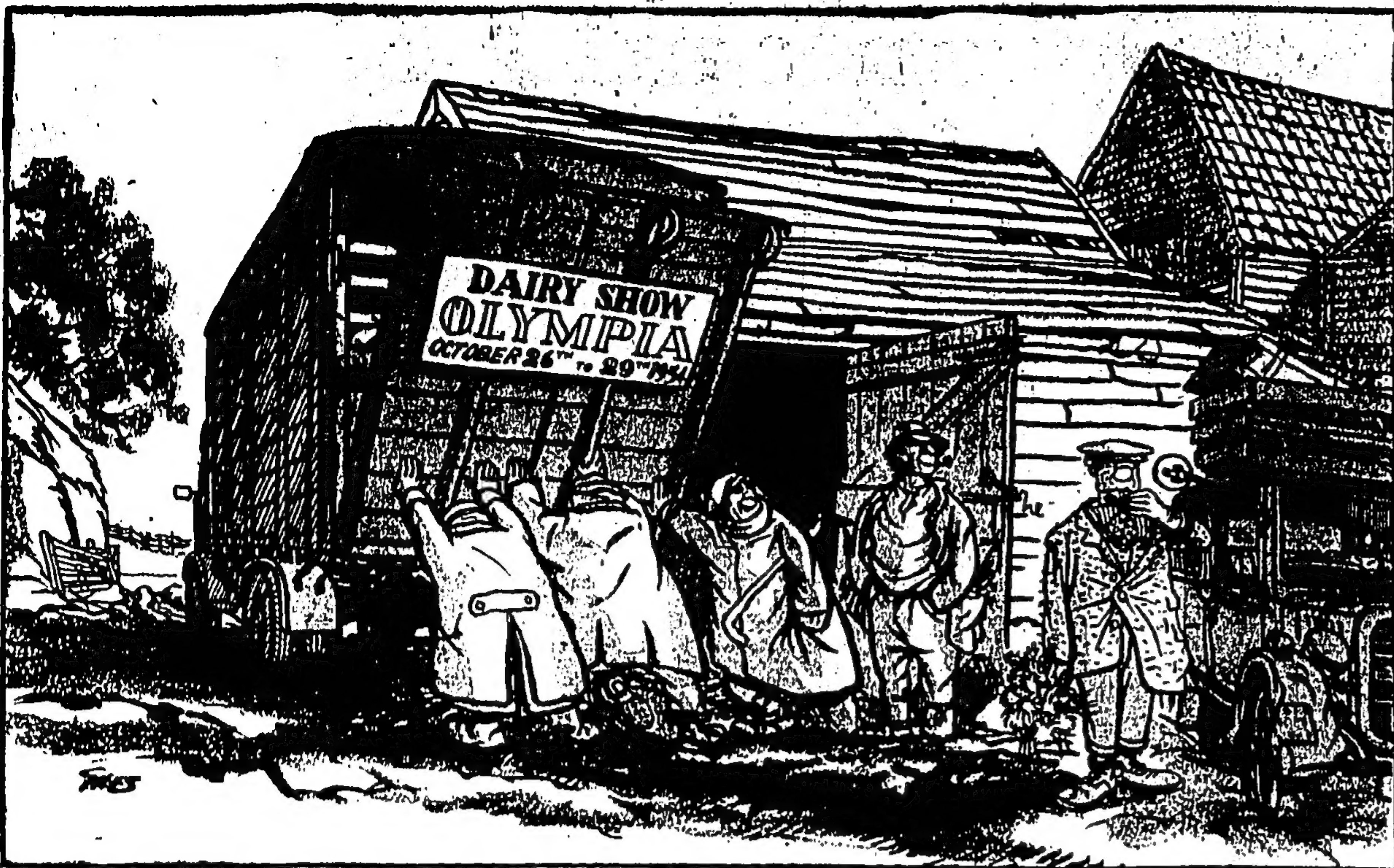


BRITAIN'S Mike Hawthorn, the No. 1 driver for the Italian Ferrari team, won the Grand Prix of Spain at Barcelona. He averaged 98 mph for the 314-mile race.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller





"Alf reckons on marrying this Gina Lollobrigida while we're in Lunnon."

London Express Service

DID THE DUKE LEAD A DOUBLE LIFE?

THE fifth Duke of Portland, born 1800, had a bent towards architecture and engineering. He excavated Welbeck Abbey's famous underground rooms and passed the estate with subways. This industry, by a very rich man who did not wish improvements to spoil the appearance of the mansion and grounds, was regarded as odd. Furthermore, he consoled only with servants and the burrowing navvies and tied his trousers above the ankle with string like one of the latter. He was, Victorians thought, a damned eccentric recluse.

Portland died a bachelor in 1879 and was buried at Kensal Green. The title and much of his estate—reckoned to be £16,000,000—passed to a distant kinsman.

Seventeen years later up spoke Mrs Annie Maria Druce, a busy little woman with a gleam in her eye. "My son," she declared, "is the rightful Duke."

Portland, she said, had led a double life. In 1835 or earlier he had adopted a false beard and eyebrows and the name Thomas Charles Druce, begun a prosperous career as a shopkeeper in Baker Street, London, and in 1861 married a Miss May. Her late husband Walter was the first fruit of this marriage, though her own Sidney George was the true Duke, she herself the Dowager Duchess.

'Lead in the Coffin'

But, it was pointed out, T.C. Druce had died in 1864 and lay in the Druce family vault at Highgate. Not so, cried Mrs Annie. The Duke, wearying of life as a tradesman, had arranged the demise and a mock funeral from Baker Street. She had actually seen her ducal father-in-law after his supposed death—posing as one Dr Harmer, a lunatic asylum inmate.

The coffin contained only a man's weight in lead.

All this she told to the various authorities and courts whose permission she sought for the opening of the coffin.

She seemed, to most people, to be a little crazy. But public opinion swung in her favour when she was able to show that Druce's death certificate had not been signed by a doctor.

Then, it felt, the opposition of the cemetery company (because exhumation was always bad for business) and of one Herbert Druce, the registered owner of the vault, seemed more than a bit unreasonable.

This Herbert Druce was also the son of T.C. and Miss May. He had been born before their marriage but nevertheless inherited the bulk of Druce's £70,000 estate. The reason he

World's Strangest Stories, No. 9

For eleven years the astonishing claims to the Portland title and millions were argued in the Courts. Not until 1907 was a satisfactory answer provided to the tale that the fifth Duke had arranged his own mock funeral from Baker Street

by
MICHAEL GANNON

paved for refusal was that he wished to avoid desecration of his father's remains.

Herbert swore he had been in the house when T.C. died. He had seen the corpse after death. Mrs Annie's story was stuff and nonsense, and now would the Press and public please leave him be.

But Mrs Annie continued to bother the courts for two years. The matter of the unsigned death certificate was a telling point and it seemed almost certain that she would win the right to open the coffin, and the revocation of probate of T.C. Druce's will.

And then, in February, 1899, her plans were knocked a-gley. A reporter of The Weekly Dispatch discovered an earlier marriage of T.C. Druce to a Miss Crickmer. From this union, in 1816, there was a male issue.

Inevitably the Druce case, like the contemporary melodrama, produced its long lost Uncle George. Enter George Hollamby by Druce, from, of course, Australia.

The appearance of this miner (actually he was a carpenter) to claim the ducal robes she had already placed on his nephew, her son, proved too much for poor Mrs Annie. She retired to a menial home; the gleam in her eye had, after all, been a light of madness.

Uncle George was undoubtedly a sprig of T.C. Druce's first marriage. He took over where Mrs Annie had left off, but employed different tactics and took his time in preparing a case. Not until 1907 did he go to court.

In the meantime three companies were floated to finance his venture. They were capitalised to the extent of more than £30,000 by persons eager to share George's eventual good fortune. Just prior to convincing arguments the Duke had been a noted tunneller—there were subterranean workings at Welbeck and also in London.

blocked tunnel from the Duke's town house surely had led to passages beneath the shop in nearby Baker Street. Also, whenever the Duke had disappeared from the public ken there was plenty of evidence of activity by T.C. Druce, and vice-versa.

George, who already referred to his son as Lord William, made an oblique approach to the dukedom and its £10 million. Mrs Annie had got nowhere with her demand to have the coffin opened, he decided to prove Herbert Druce a liar. If Herbert's sworn statement that his father had died were untrue, then, he argued, T.C. had continued life as the Duke once more.

Herbert was charged with perjury, and the trial began at Marylebone in October, 1907. The first witness was Robert Caldwell, an elderly Irish-American, who said he read of Mrs Annie's efforts in New York. Caldwell, who became known as "the man with the bulbous nose," declared he had been introduced to the Duke by the late Sir Morell Mackenzie because he (Caldwell) had cured himself of a distressing nasal disease with which Portland was also afflicted.

He had known the Duke at Welbeck and at the Baker Street shop, and he himself had actually bought the lead ordered for the coffin and arranged the mock funeral when his Grace had fled of being a tradesman 43 years back.

Mrs Mary Robinson told an equally remarkable story. As a young girl, she said, she came to England—a refugee from the American Civil War—and met T.C. Druce in 1862 at the home of none other than the late Charles Dickens. There was a children's party. Druce put on a nightdress and played Grand-mama. In Little Red Riding Hood to amuse them.

She returned to America. Later, Dickens brought her over to England to act as "outside correspondent" for the Duke at Welbeck. This was after the mock funeral. The Duke was certainly the T.C. Druce she had known earlier; he admitted it to her. Mrs Robinson had come all the way from New Zealand to tell the truth, might be known. The court was then adjourned by Miss Margaret Ham-

ton. "born in Rome, in 1830, the daughter of Robert Lennox Stewart." Portland, she swore, had actually proposed marriage to her when he was a young man, but her equally aristocratic father opposed the match. She, also, had known him as Druce.

Under cross-examination the marvellously detailed fabrics of three witnesses' evidence began to fray.

Caldwell was shown to own a shady reputation in America. Nobody called for the defence could recall the Duke having owned an unfortunate nose—indeed, it had been rather handsome. Sir Morell Mackenzie, an eminent doctor, could only have been 16 when he was supposed—at the height of his fame—to have introduced Caldwell to the Duke.

Mrs Robinson, the American refugee, was forced to admit that her father had been a Mortlake policeman, that she was not born on a plantation in the Deep South and her dead husband had served the Duke as a simple rhapsodist.

On Bank Holiday?

Miss Hamilton, too, was not so high born as she made out. Her birth certificate, produced in court by the defence, showed her folk to have been plain Allisons of Westmorland. The name Scott, by which she said she addressed the Duke, had not been adopted by him as an addition to Cavendish Bendinck at the time of the alleged betrothal.

Plainly, their evidence was something less than the truth. And so too was that of a gardener who was called in an attempt to prove that Mrs Robinson had really been seen with the Duke at Welbeck. Questioned as to a date, the gardener had spoken of a Bank Holiday.

Defence counsel thereupon brightly observed that at the time under discussion the Bank Holiday had not been invented; it was not introduced until 1871. The gardener, it transpired, was not dishonest just woolly-headed.

The defence produced two trump cards. The case book of the late William Ferguson, a physician who attended T.C. Druce shortly before his supposed death, proved to the bench's satisfaction that Druce was actually dying when Ferguson saw him. And a nurse who had been with Druce as he died appeared, at a great age, to corroborate this fact.

Exhumation

On December 30, 1907, the coffin was exhumed. In it was found the well-preserved body of Thomas Charles Druce—not lead.

Seven days later the charge against Herbert was withdrawn. In the meantime Caldwell had shipped to America. There, like poor Mrs Annie, he entered a mental home. He had, it was discovered, been suffering from paranoia for some time. Mrs Robinson and Miss Hamilton, too, tried to establish that of insanity. Caldwell, at the beginning of the trial,



THE DUKE

The nose, in fact, was rather handsome.

sentence, Mrs Robinson made a full confession that the whole thing had been a put-up job, she had faked evidence in return for cash. She had been approached in New Zealand by a Mr Druce—the brother of George, she thought—with an initial offer of £25.

Miss Hamilton went to goal for 18 months at the age of 78. George Hollamby Druce got away scot free. With great assistance he avoided going in to the witness box in the case against Herbert; he got others to speak up for him.

There is still the little matter of the unsigned death certificate upon which Mrs Annie originally pinned her hopes of nobility and fortune. It was pure accident that neither of the doctors who were present when Druce died (but had themselves expired before the trial) put their signatures to it.

The tunnel from the Duke's town house to the Baker Street shop? Nobody ever fathomed it, but town planning maps of the period showed that any such passage would have been unlikely on account of sewers.

NEXT WEDNESDAY:
The Secret Power
Of A Mad Monk



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And the Family Came Too!

by
the author of
THE JUNGLE
IS NEUTRAL

Spencer Chapman, whose book "The Jungle Is Neutral" swept him to the front rank of British writers, is a man who loves adventure. But in this one *The Family Came Too*. Here in Chapter II he takes you with them into the jungle . . . to meet giants . . . to meet pygmies . . . and, oddly, to meet an American couple who live in the heart of the forest.

by F. Spencer Chapman, D.S.O.

"ARE those really giants, Daddy?" asked Nicholas, gazing at a group of graceful, aristocratic-looking Wututai, about 6½ ft. tall. "Yes, I suppose they are," I replied. "But they don't eat little boys. And soon we are going to the forest to see the little dwarfs called pygmies."

"Are they really real, or just story people?" asked Stephen.

A short time after this conversation, which occurred in Ruanda-Urundi, the mandated territory of the Belgian Congo, we really entered the jungle—the great Ituri Forest deep in the Belgian Congo. We had heard many stories of this vast forest, and I could not help wondering if it would bring back memories of that other jungle in Malaya, which had been my home for more than three years of the war.

One way only

THE road from Beni to Mambasa (so named by the old Arab slave traders in memory of the port of Mombasa) is so narrow and tortuous that ordinarily it is only open on alternate days of the week in each direction, but on Sundays you can drive either way—at your own risk.

Having camped one Saturday night on the edge of the great forest, we decided to set off very early next morning in the hope that we should cover the 70-odd miles before meeting any other vehicle.

Almost at once this narrow ribbon of track dived, like a railway entering a tunnel, beneath immense trees whose

foliage almost met more than 100 feet above our heads. Everything suddenly seemed still and green. Even the dim light in the van was green.

As we passed vast trees, held up by flat buttresses running out 10 feet on each side of the trunk, I recalled how, when benighted in the Malayan jungle, I used to set my back to such a tree in the angle of two buttresses and, if there were no Japanese about, light a fire to keep away wild beasts.

Plank and pole

THE very clearings made by the jungle dwellers were the same in Malaya and the Congo—the crops of maize and manioc (a coarse potato from which tapioca is made) springing from between the fallen branches, and the tree stumps so huge that they could only be sawn through 10 feet above the ground.

A slight rain was falling which made the muddy track very skiddy, and we kept a close look out round corner after corner not only for elephants but in case another early riser had decided to try to hurry through before other cars were on the road.

We crossed river after river by frail bridges consisting of planks only just the width of the van, placed across poles held together by native ropes.

Troops of baboons often occupied deserted villages, only to scamper away from the mud and wattle huts at our approach.

The children were very excited and kept on asking when they would see a pygmy.

Suddenly the narrow strip of sky above the road widened out and we came to the mighty

My wife, children and I call on pygmies in the village of Banana



Ituri river spanned by a new steel bridge.

We stopped to gaze at this red river flowing rapidly between huge overhanging trees and drooping creepers. The Congo soil is unbelievably red and the incessant rain washes it down to the river to dye it the colour of blood.

Coming suddenly round the corner we had to brake violently to avoid hitting a large petrol lorry which had turned over on its side at the foot of a steep hill. The African, normally so lethargic, seems to be possessed by devils when he takes the wheel of a lorry. But fortunately

The little men hunt elephants—and kill them with a spear

ly no one was hurt, and there was just room for us to squeeze by.

Soon after this we safely reached the wider road running from Mambasa to Stanleyville. The rain stopped and the sun shone so that the ground steamed and a myriad raindrops glistened.

A halt by the roadside was now possible, and after lunch we came to a village with the surprising name of Banana. Here the children shouted: "Look! look! pygmies dancing!"

And there, sure enough, was a fantastic sight. A long stream of diminutive women, clad only in a bit of bark-cloth and with

bunches of leaves tied round their legs, were weaving their way, jigging, dancing, and singing, among the native huts of the village. They were led by two grotesque little men, who beat drums furiously as they danced.

We all stopped to watch and take photographs, and the dancers seemed quite unaware of our presence.

When the dance was over a large African came up to us to ask in a proprietary manner for cigarettes; and for the first time we realised that a group of pygmies will attack themselves to an African family in a state of friendly servitude. For the pygmy, though a skilful hunter, lacks the necessary forethought to cultivate the ground and produce crops.

So silent

IN return for tobacco, salt, and plantains—the green bananas that form their favourite food—the pygmies provide their masters with fresh meat and fish. They are completely at home in the forest and can come and go as silently as the wild animals themselves.

Their method of hunting elephants, for instance, is to stalk so close that they can give the unfortunate animal an upward stab in the belly with a spear. Then they follow it until it dies of peritonitis.

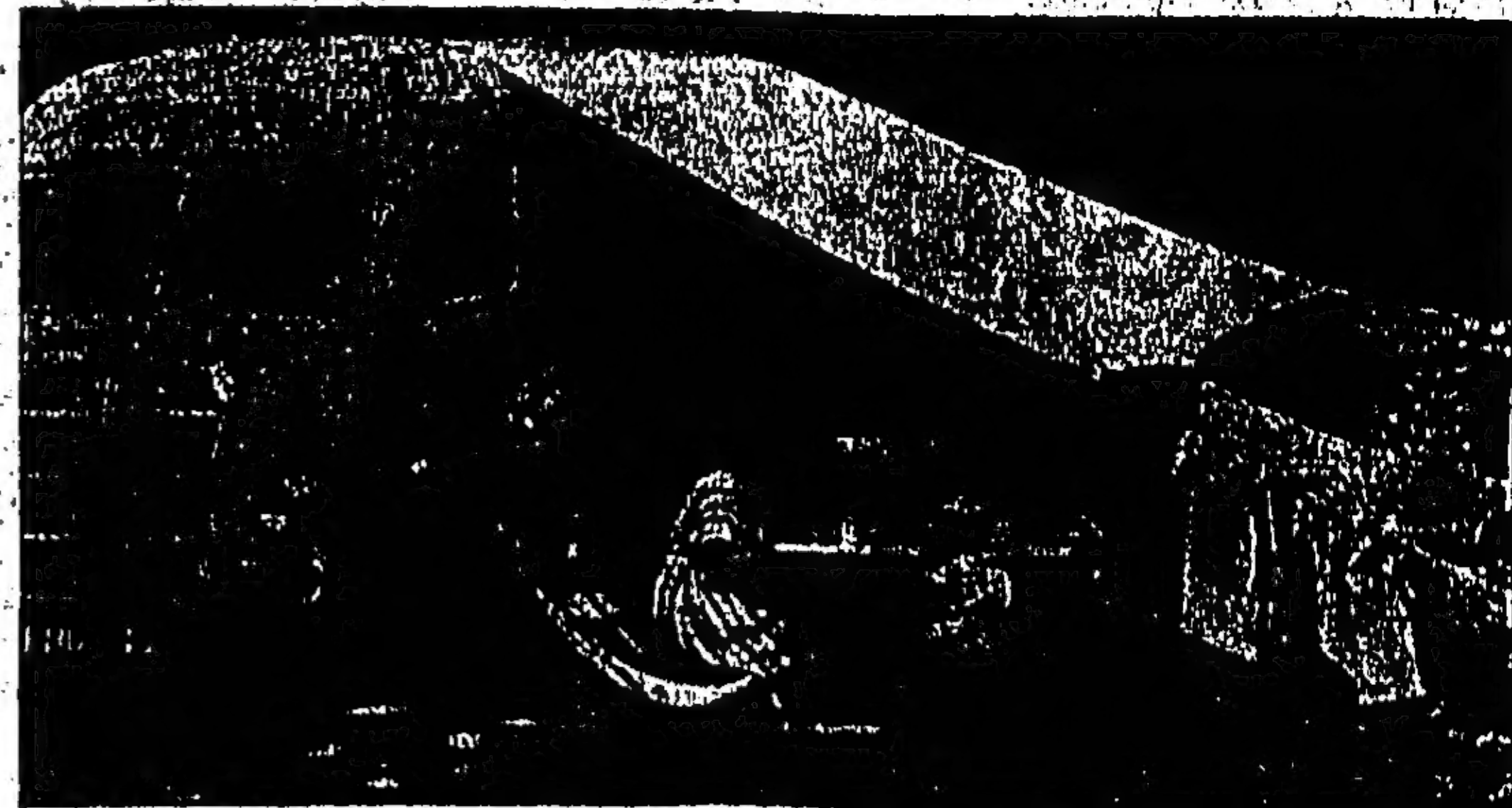
As we continued along the highway, little groups of pygmies suddenly appeared at the jungle edge. The women would often be carrying vast loads on their backs, the strain of which was taken by a strap across the forehead. This made them pop-eyed and even more ugly than the men, who carried nothing except bows and arrows.

These loads consisted of large shiny leaves that the pygmies use for building their bee-hive, shell-cra-

We had heard that an American couple lived in the heart of the Ituri Forest and knew all about the habits of the pygmies—and that they had already realised we should never find a clearing where the forest was so dense. In this dense jungle, we decided to call on them and ask if we could camp on their ground.

We crossed the Epulu river and almost at once saw a little track cut into the jungle, and a signpost to "Putnam's Camp." We drove through an African village and reached a clearing in front of a long low mud hut, thick with leaves.

All around us there seems to be dozens of pygmies, peering



CHEZ CHAPMAN

This is how they lived for 250 days—Chapman, his wife Faith, Christopher (2), Stephen (4), Nicholas (6), and Nurse Valerie Searle.

at us from the undergrowth and climbing the trees to obtain a better view.

Suddenly we heard piercing screams coming from the back of the hut, so I left the family in the van watching the antics of some pygmies who had made a swing out of a huge loop of rattan, and went to investigate.

On entering the house I heard some people speaking French; then a woman in trousers came towards me. In my best French I asked if it would be possible for us to camp here.

A broad New York voice drawled: "Say, you don't have to talk French here." She introduced herself as Anne Putnam and said her husband was ill, but could she do anything to help us?

She hastily explained that we need not fear the screams as it was only some doctors taking blood tests from a group of pygmies who had been collected from the forest. Never having seen a needle before, they were registering fear and horror.

Grotesque

I INTRODUCED Anne Putnam to Faith, Valerie, and the children, and inquired about a camp site.

Under the amazed gaze of many pygmies, we parked the van and put up Valerie's tent. Nicholas was astonished to find that he was nearly as tall as the grown men—about 4 ft.

The fact that their heads are of normal size gives them a grotesque appearance and they have hollow cheeks, huge eyes, flat noses, and abnormally broad nostrils. Though the arms and shoulders are well developed, the buttocks are enormous and the legs short and spindly.

The women are singularly unattractive in appearance. Indeed from a glance at the head of a pygmy it is often impossible to tell whether you are looking at a man or a woman—both are equally ugly.

Faith and Valerie were soon busy bathing Nicholas and Stephen in the baby's plastic bath on the step outside the van. Hearing a good deal of

laughter, we looked round to see Christopher, stark naked except for his shoes and a pair of blue socks, chasing away the pygmies with his pram.

The little men were playing up to him and shouting with laughter as they retreated before his onslaughts. Christopher looked so very naked compared to the dusky-skinned pygmies that we too roared with laughter.

The children caused much amusement while we were here. Anne Putnam said that the pygmies had hardly ever seen white children, let alone naked ones, and Stephen and Christopher's very fair hair seemed to intrigue them vastly.

That evening we dined with Anne Putnam. The sitting-room was dominated by a raised hearth about six feet square in the centre of the room, where huge logs smouldered. The smoke rose to the roof and filtered through the leaves which were so laid that they kept out the rain—such rain as is only known near the Equator. Outside the unglazed windows the river rushed past. The tropic night fell fast, and while we sat talking and hearing fascinating tales of pygmy life, the night chorus of the forest started up.

Oddly enough I hardly noticed it, so familiar had it become in those days when the jungle was my home, and I was quite surprised that Faith and Valerie were astonished and deflected by the chorus of clicks and chirrups and the thousand other noises of the forest.

Net-hunting

THAT night, and in fact every night I slept in the jungle, I was tormented by the most dreadful nightmares about Japs, one often woke up with a shout: "White Faith and Valerie complained that they could not sleep for the noise of the bird and insect life.

We spent three days at Putnam's Camp, and were only sorry that we could not meet Pat Putnam as he is a great authority on the pygmies, having lived among them for many years.

He came out to the Congo 25 years ago; then he married Anne, a New York artist, and brought her out to his jungle home. She had soon settled down to this strange life and had grown to love these queer little people, even learning their language.

We would sit by the fire and listen to her tales for hours on end, and we soon got used to seeing a pygmy, a naked and pygmies wandering through the house, often with babies slung from one shoulder.

Our children were delighted by a minute naked pygmy child of about 18 months who used to come in and beat with astonishing rhythm on a drum which was nearly as tall as himself.

Anne Putnam very kindly arranged for me to go net-hunting with some of her pygmies. A little gnome-like man with a beard came for me as soon as it was light and I accompanied him to the pygmy village some distance into the jungle.

I was astonished to see him suddenly twist himself sideways and with his cupped right hand beat upon his left bicep.

This, presumably the traditional method by which pygmies signal to each other, made a loud booming sound, and soon a dozen hunters had collected, each with his net draped round his neck and almost reaching the ground. In single file we followed a tiny jungle path for half an hour and then the hunters uncoiled their nets and spread them end to end in a wide semi-circle.

Each man then returned along his section of the net, about 50 yards in length, and attached it to twigs and saplings so that it reached from the ground to a height of three or four feet.

Bow and arrow

SOON there was a loud clamour in the jungle. This was the women who had not so far put in an appearance. Their job was to drive a section of the jungle towards the net.

Meanwhile each man crouched motionless beside his net with his bow and arrow ready. This procedure was repeated half a dozen times, but though there was great excitement once when a small antelope managed to wriggle beneath the net, we did not capture anything; as I feared they might think I was the Jonah of the party I left them at midday and returned to the camp.

Although the pygmies spend most of their time in mud huts adjacent to their masters' villages, they also establish hunting camps in the jungle where they build their traditional leaf shelters.

I had intended to visit a true pygmy village, but unfortunately a storm broke on the morning of our last full day at Putnam's Camp and, apart from the danger of falling branches, there was deep mud underfoot and every leaf was dripping with water.

When the rain stopped we went to visit the camp where the Belgians, with the help of pygmies, capture okapi in pitfall traps and send them to zoological gardens in various parts of the world.

We saw half a dozen of these rare animals in a large enclosure. The adults, which were about six feet high at the shoulder, were of rich purplish brown. Their legs and hind-quarters were striped like a zebra, but the long neck and tapering muzzle were reminiscent of a giraffe.

Claustrophobia

THE strange and beautiful beast, which lives in the heart of the forest, was quite unknown to Europeans until about 40 years ago.

I must say I should have loved to have spent some weeks studying the pygmies, but there was very little for the children to do once the novelty of being among the little people wore off.

Faith and Valerie were suffering from claustrophobia. In the jungle—and they also found it quite impossible to dry the clothes they had washed. So we reluctantly said farewell to Anne Putnam and her pygmies and set off northwards to visit the station where they capture and train African elephants.

Next week
School of the
Jungle

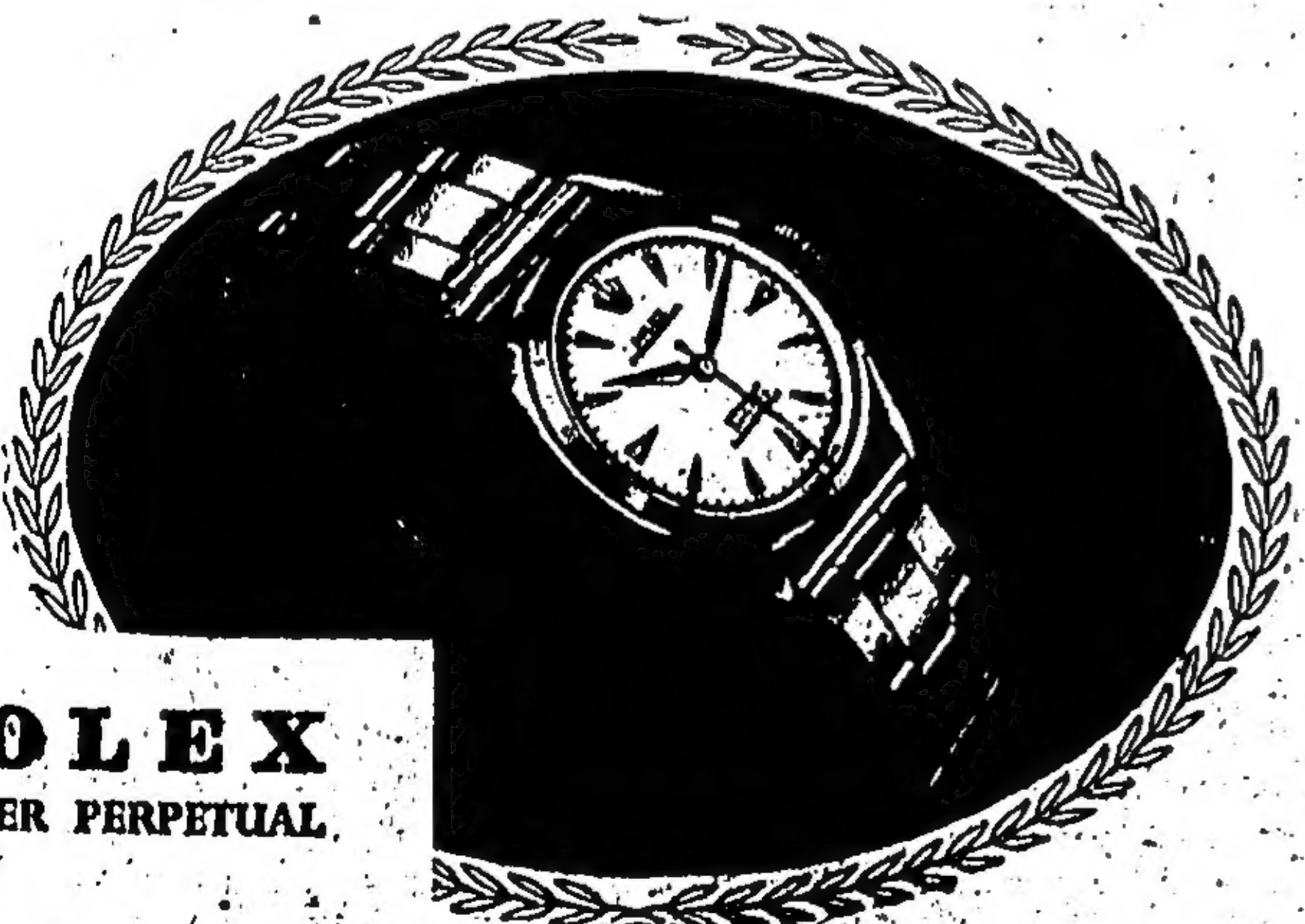
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ATOM GUNS BANNED FOR BRITISH ARMY

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

DEFENCE chiefs have decided that the British Army is not to be equipped with atomic guns.

Sir William Penney, Director of Atomic Weapons, has advised that the atomic shell developed for the giant gun now in service with the U.S. Army wastes too much expensive explosive.

One shell would cost the Government up to £1,000,000. Several "baby" atom bombs, each as powerful as a shell, could be made for this sum. British artillery experts have advised against building anything like the 85-ton American atomic gun after seeing it on manoeuvres in Germany last month.

Instead the Army will concentrate on co-operating with the R.A.F., which is training pilots to support ground troops with "baby" tactical atom bombs. As these bombs are much bigger than an atomic shell, they

can be fitted with a more efficient detonating mechanism which uses far less explosive.

This mechanism was devised by Sir William Penney and was successfully tested at Woomera last year.

The U.S. Forces have so much atomic explosive at their disposal that they can afford to use some of it in shells.

What's To Broil?

DO you know what "broiling" a chicken means, madam? You are a housewife in a hundred if you do, according to the results of door-to-door questioning carried out in London and Aylesbury, Bucks.

"Broiling" means grilling a baby chicken split in half and basting it with fat. It is the favourite method of cooking poultry in America, where chicken is so cheap that it is the poor man's food.

British chicken farmers are keen to interest housewives in young birds for broiling. So to find out if women know what the word meant, a quiz was carried out by a firm of poultry-food manufacturers.

Out of more than 400 representative housewives, not one could define "broiling" correctly. They thought it meant steaming a chicken or roasting it after it had been boiled.

Most of them thought that a "broiler" was a tough old bird not fit for roasting instead of a tender young chicken weighing less than 3 lb.

The quiz showed that most women prefer a chicken weighing 4 lb. to 5 lb. and buy one only once or twice a year.

As one who has sampled a well-broiled broiler I recommend it as the latest way of all of cooking chicken.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



I TRY MY HAND AT BEGGING

(ALL STRICTLY LEGAL)

BECAUSE my wife is recuperating from a brisk little go of pneumonia I have just found myself cast in the unlooked-for role of beggar.

How come? Because my wife, in a moment of folly, had undertaken to go the rounds collecting money at people's front doors on behalf of some praiseworthy charity.

With the little woman abed and the deadline for handing in the collected swag fast approaching, who was to complete the foot-slogging task? Ah—three guesses! Ever-helpful MacColl, they call him.

So off I went. And if you ever feel the need for a refresher course in the vagaries of human nature, especially these facets concerning cupidity and the purse-string, I can unhesitatingly recommend a little stint of door-to-door legal begging.

The bailiwick which I inherited for my dogged activities lies just off Sloane Square. A fairly prosperous neighbourhood, it looks, and you might think that the territory could contain fairish

rewards for the well-meaning collector.

Well, either there was something ill-conceived about my approach or else the local burghers had one and all received bad news from their respective stock-brokers only that morning. Total MacColl take, after an afternoon of honest endeavour: seven shillings.

Of course, like Kucs racing Cheltenham, I kept varying the pace. I tried the breezy manner, the winning smile, the touch of pathos.

There was the off-hand style: "A little something? Would you care?" Even the authoritative "I have only just returned from the Far East, and I can assure you personally that the conditions in which they live..." Nowhere is where it all got me.

Lesson One

THERE was for me an eerie fascination in finding out what sort of an excuse would be received by the householder. For that was Lesson Number One which emerged from my travail.

Almost nobody said outright that they were not interested, could not be bothered, or plain could not afford it. Nearly the entire bunch painstakingly sought refuge in the laboured excuse.

As the purport of my visit dawned, their expressions would change. A look, part sheepish, part plaintive, part ingratiating, would slide into place. Then would come the excuses. "I'm afraid I can't go all the way upstairs again for my bag just now. Could you come back another time?" "Oh, is that what those little envelopes are for? I couldn't make them out. Well, I shall have to consult my husband..." "I would like to, but we tend to a great many charities already." "My rheumatism is very bad, and I must go and lie down."

A welcome exception was a pleasant young man who said engagingly: "I'm only the lodger from down in the basement, old boy, and frankly I'm just not now."

Lesson Two

SEVERAL people were alleged to be servants, probably truthfully, to be out—but I would bet all of my painfully acquired seven shillings that I was told on one occasion, "They're out" by someone who was herself the



By RENE MacCOLL

lady of the house. Either that, or else parlormaids have taken to wearing triple-row pearl necklaces.

Talking of parlormaids, Lesson Number Two was the revelation of the extent to which foreign girls now work in British homes. Germans, Austrians, Scandinavians, French, Italians, and (I think) a Portuguese were among those who came to the door.

It was, however, a British servant girl who said: "I'm afraid they're out, but I'd like to contribute something myself"—and did.

And I recall with pleasure the young woman who did not look particularly prosperous, and who not only gave me something herself but gave her little girl an extra shilling to give to me. They both smiled and wished me well and were charming and natural about it. A change from the embarrassed Italy tales I got told at most of the doors.

Out of action

INCIDENTALLY, to judge from my little round, if every householder in London decided to have his door bell seen to right away, there would be enough work to keep a flock of electricians busy for a week. I never dreamed that so many people could be content to go along with door bells out of action.

Many of those which were nominally in working order had to be pampered in their strange little eccentricities. You would find a card beside the bell reading something like: "Press hard on right side of bell only or else won't hear."

Yes, quite an experience. Quite an education. And from now on I know my limitations in that field at least. Seven shillings!

The finishing touch was when I conveyed this modest yield, with the money my wife had collected before she fell ill, to the designated receiving bank. When he saw what I bore the teller groaned.

"More of these wretched little envelopes," he complained. "What a nuisance!"

Henceforth MacColl is sticking to Faith and Hope.

(London Express Service)

Beauty Queens Must Have Common Sense

By FRANK LESLIE

THERE'S big money in it for the stars, heart-break for the failures. It's a life of luxury for the successful, a round of despairing penury for the "also rans."

Since the Second World War, some three dozen young women have carved out new careers for themselves as beauty queens, in England, in France and Italy, across the Atlantic and occasionally in Australia. But scores more have thrown up worthwhile jobs to chase success, only to find there is always some other girl just a bit more beautiful.

For the successful, the beauty queen business is big business. Some of the professionals in England make £1,000 a year simply by walking on to judging platforms in front of the crowds at seaside resorts. In the United States the prizes are much higher. "Miss Universe", for instance—won her title in California, and with it a film contract worth \$85 a week, a £1,000 sports car, a complete wardrobe and a jewel-studded watch.

Most Beautiful

Of course, the girls who win the big prizes tell their less fortunate sisters there is rather more to it than walking across the platform and flashing a smile or two at the judges' stand.

For instance, a Scots girl who won five big-money contests at British seaside resorts in two summers summed up requirements as follows: "A good figure and a pretty face, exceedingly good deportment; common sense." Common sense? "Yes," said this queen of beauty. "In many competitions it is left to the girls themselves to select their own costume—we are told it must be a swimsuit and that is all. Some resorts are gay and others. So are some judges. I dress accordingly. A Bikini goes down well at some resorts; others don't like them, so I choose something which

leaves a little more to the imagination.

Judges, too, have tastes in bathing-dress. Scanties are best where the judges, or most of them, are film or stage stars—men, of course—of 35 or over. If there's a single woman among the judges, I prefer an orthodox bathing costume.

"The Circus"

"Young men like a novelty effect. Two years ago I chose a strapless two-piece costume to impress them. Last year, I wore one of the first one-piece costumes seen in beauty competitions since the war. It was a great success where the judges included a good proportion of young male cinema, radio and stage stars."

This girl is a member of "the circus"—a group of big-money beauty contest prize-winners who spend the entire summer and autumn in Britain touring seaside resorts and entering competitions. This year, the "circus" girls got away, as usual, with most of the £50,000-£80,000 offered, in addition to sundry dresses, rings, bracelets and stockings awarded in some of the bigger contests.

A Business

But things are becoming a bit more difficult for the "circus" girls. Organisers at some of the resorts say it is unfair to expect the local girls, the mill girls and the shop girls on holiday to compete with the girls who make a business out of beauty contests. The entertainments manager of one famous resort says: "The position was reached here that only seven girls on holiday entered for the biggest competition of the season because it was common knowledge that the professionals were here. It has been suggested we should bar the professionals, but there are difficulties in the way."

One of the professional beauty queens summed up the main difficulties with: "We win prizes because we are good to look at. The crowds like to see us. Suppose we were barred. What would this manager say if we put on a rival show,

inviting the crowds to compare the barred beauties with the winner of his show?" And, said another of the beauty queens, no one is forced to become a professional. "In fact only one girl in a thousand makes anything out of it," she said. "The rest are failures and soon drop out, wishing they had never thrown up their jobs."

Some of the failures in the British seaside beauty contests stay on in the resorts working as hotel receptionists or even as kitchen maids. One of the failures, working at a boarding-house on the East Coast, said: "I thought I was good looking. I suppose I was still an in an ordinary sort of way. I threw up a good job to go on tour with the 'circus'. And there are hundreds more girls like me. I chased a pot of gold and found a shadow."

One reason for the failure of so many girls is that the standards of beauty appear to change every few months. Girls whose measurements corresponded with those of the "Miss America" and "Mrs America" winners a year or two ago would not stand a chance next year, if the result of the "Miss Universe" contest is any guide.

More To It

In 1951, both "Miss America" and "Mrs America", in the famous United States contests at Salt Lake City, boasted waist measurements of 24 inches, busts of 36 inches, and 38 inches around the hips. But this year's "Miss Universe" has a bust of 33 inches, a waist of 22 inches and is 35 inches round the hips.

The most beautiful girls today are slimmer generally than before the Second World War, according to the results of most of the world's big beauty competitions. Here, for instance, are the measurements of a girl who was chosen as Britain's "Modern Eve" 20 years ago: Bust 38½ inches; waist 29 inches; hips 37 inches.

A popular London revue prefers chorus girls with busts of between 35 and 36 inches, hips of 36 inches and waists of 23 inches.

But if the beauty girl of today is slimmer than "Miss 1934" she still has a long way to go to be compared with the girls of 1753. Costumes of the early eighteenth century examined for displays at Bath were found to have been made for girls with waists of 19 inches. The only girls slim enough to wear them were still at school—and in the junior grades!

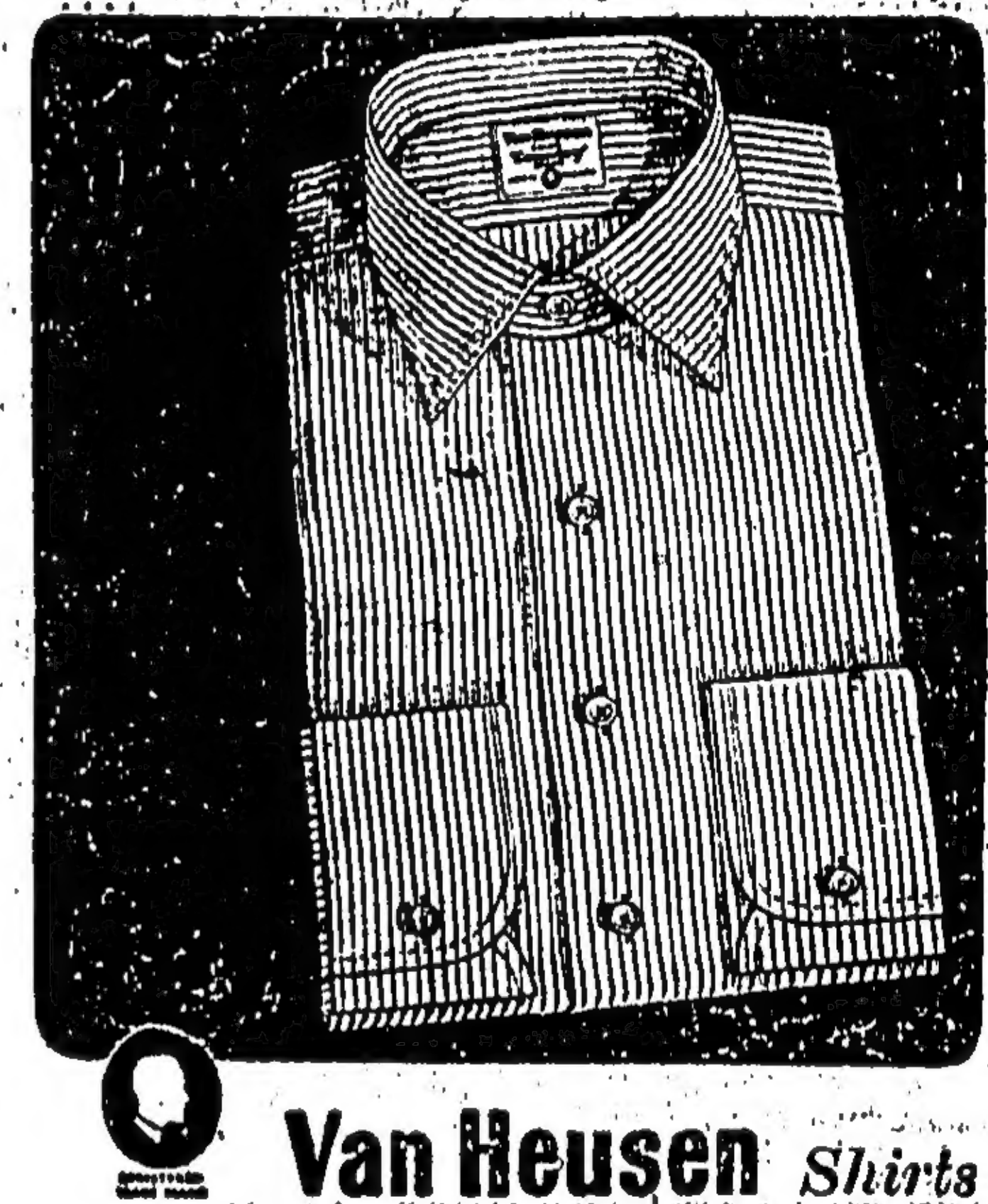
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Les Armour NON-EXISTENT PEOPLE MAKE IT VERY DIFFICULT

MR Maung Ohn, the Burmese Ambassador in Moscow, is a simple, kindly fellow with an overpowering urge to avoid joining his ancestors' Nirvana by way of a free ride on a hydrogen bomb.

He hired a suite in the swish Sovetskaya Hotel the other day and invited twelve of his diplomatic colleagues to dinner—seven from one side and five from the other side of the dispute which threatens to send all off to join our ancestors. So one might have thought he was indulging in a simple attempt to unite philosophy and action.

But next day we heard from the Ambassadors of Britain, the United States and France that it was an "untenable situation" which was "either stupid or deliberate."

The seven representatives of the West said bluntly that they had taken just one look at the guest list before they "put on (their) coats and left."

The trouble, of course, was that all of the Western Ambassadors were in a

state of not recognising one or more of their Eastern colleagues.

It would have been impossible for the United States Ambassador to have asked the North Korean Ambassador to pass the salt, since the North Korean government is "non-existent"—which makes its official representative non-existent.

Any schoolboy could have told Mr Ohn that non-existent persons cannot pass the salt.

Likewise dinner-table conversation with non-existent persons is notoriously difficult. Had the Chinese Ambassador blocked the American Ambassador's view of Mr Molotov, during the after-dinner speech, it would have been quite impossible to ask him to move.

Mr Bohlen would have looked mighty silly winking in his report to Washington: "Unable to see Molotov's facial expression as view blocked by non-existent person."

And suppose the representative of the Mongolian

People's Republic had proposed the vote of thanks to Molotov?

Could anyone have listened?

Yet poor Mr Ohn is possibly still a little bewildered.

Suppose one non-existent government starts dropping H-bombs on another non-existent government?

How on earth is he going to explain to his ancestors the manner of his coming to be among them?

Razor-Packing Teenagers

OVERFLOWING with the milk of social work, Dr Stephens Binks reports that Britain's much-maligned razor-packing Teddy Boys are only an "unfortunate creature who cannot find a place in society."

Holding forth in front of the assembled superintendents and matrons of the nation's remand homes, the learned doctor explained that the gangling youths in drab, striped trousers and

"manufacturing a false society."

Their trouble, at bottom, is that they do not have "the right kind of hero to idolise."

Now Dr Stephens Binks may be right. But if so there is something mighty strange about it all.

Where do Teddy Boys come from? Climb aboard the London underground, and ride out to one of those trim, red-brick suburbs where thrifty workmen have installed themselves in dignity and comfort, and you'll soon find out.

Most of them come from homes with television, records and garages sporting elderly but efficient and well-loved automobiles—homes where a speck of dust is as rare as an elephant and inhabitants look as well fed and happy as Mr Pickwick after a Christmas dinner.

If they suffer from some deep-seated psychological horror, it would take a team of crackling good psychiatrists to figure out where it came from.

They have good jobs. They are too young to have been seriously dusted about by the last war, and too young to be much upset by the Nazi.

True, this is not an age of heroes. But past generations of schoolboys have not had much trouble finding plenty of fictional ones.

Usually, true, they may not just tell up how little boys like all the aspects of the world as they find it. Their jobs in

the factories tend to involve turning the same screw over and over again. And their jobs in offices involve such unexciting things as brewing tea and entering the daily sales of nuts and bolts in large black books.

But it is a fair jump from that to carving up the seats in the tube trains and frightening old ladies in cinemas.

Moreover, there is something much more intriguing about the Teddy Boy phenomena.

Catering to their exotic tastes has become big business. One tailor (an elderly gent in a back street) told us that teenage "working class" youths is one of the nation's biggest spenders.

In factories, a youth can sometimes make £10 a week, and his cost of living (at home) is low and his responsibilities nil.

Down in Oxford Street there is a barber who specialises in fantastic Teddy Boy hair styles—a cross between a barrister's wig and a prima donna's clip. His business is as good as a bartender's just before closing time. As a special feature he lacquers the hair, so that you don't have to comb it between one haircut and the next.

No doubt there is some reason in the background when a youth dresses up elaborately and raises his eyebrows.

If Dr Stephens Binks will just tell us how little boys like all the aspects of the world as they find it. Their jobs in

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FAME? DOES NOT CARE

By **LOGAN
GOURLAY**

THE girl in the corner of the hotel lounge who looked like a well-groomed, pretty mouse — wasn't it Claire Bloom?

Yes, it was. And wasn't she the girl Charlie Chaplin discovered for *Limelight*? Yes again. And the girl who was so wonderful as Juliet at the Old Vic a couple of years ago? Another yes.

But what's she been doing recently? Whatever happened to her?

Such is short-term and show business. Too much limelight. Followed by too little limelight.

On Holiday

YET Claire Bloom has not been lurking in a nunnery. All she has done is take a long holiday, her first for years.

But, of course, before that she spent two seasons at the Old Vic, which, by high-pitched film publicity standards, is as secluded from the glaring limelight as life in a nunnery.

Her third part as Juliet brought her prestige and kudos, of course, but last season her parts were shorter and her press notices sharply critical.

At the same time she co-starred with James Mason in a Carol Reed film *The Mists of Swinburn*, which was cold-shouldered by critics and cash customers.

Miss Bloom, passing from the first rapturous phase, entered Phase No. 2—which is tougher and rougher. First—perhaps too early—she had been an object for worship. Suddenly she was a target for attack. It has happened before. She has accepted it all with a detached equanimity that cannot be learned at RADA.

Philosophical

SHE starts work in Laurence Olivier's film version of *Richard III* in a smallish part as Lady Anne.

But it gives her a chance to act in one dramatic scene, and Miss Bloom is satisfied. She is the kind of actress who is dedicated to acting rather than the pursuit of fame.

She said to me last week: "I don't think about stardom and that kind of thing."

"I suppose I've learned to be philosophical."

"I remember when I was 21 I thought that life was finished for me. I was travelling by train on my birthday from Hollywood to New York. I had just finished *Limelight*. There was nothing ahead for me—so I thought, 'I've grown up a bit since then'."

MISS BLOOM



CLAIRE BLOOM ... from rapturous Phase 1 she is now in the tougher and rougher Phase 2

The 23-year-old matured Miss Bloom slipped her Bourbon Old-fashioned (an American tipple made with Bourbon whisky and ice). "No, I didn't get to like Old-fashioned in Hollywood."

"I spent part of my holiday this summer in Switzerland at Mr. Chaplin's house. And he introduced me to Old-fashioned."

She owes much to Mr. Chaplin (whom she never calls Charlie). "I asked if Mr. Chaplin had any new film plans for her. 'No, I'm afraid not. He always looks for fresh discoveries, doesn't he?'"

But Miss Bloom, an old-fashioned in the Chaplin category, has a film contract with Sir Alex Korda which brings around £10,000 a year and calls for her to make two films over the next two years.

Philosophical Miss Bloom, who looks at the world with calm brown eyes and eyelids demurely lowered, was not greatly worried if those future films will be commercially successful—if they will advance her career and make her in Phase No. 2 a glittering established star.

I hope Sir Alex Korda is equally unworried.

WHEN SHOULD A WOMAN HAVE A BABY?

WHICH is the best age to have a baby? Around twenty or around thirty?

The argument flared up after yet another professor had told mothers what was good for them.

Dr Thomas McKeown was the man — Professor of Social Medicine at Birmingham University. And he came out with the view that the best age is around 30.

"Too many young mothers are having their babies when they don't really want them. So many domestic medical statements have been made that it's best to have babies while still very young that young wives feel stamped into having their babies when they're not really psychologically prepared for motherhood."

"A woman of thirty is more stabilised, mature, and better fitted to be a mother."

But what do the women think?

MUCH MORE FUN

"Not true," say three young wives who all became mothers at the age of 19.

"It's much more fun for the children to have a young mother," says Lady Sverdrup, formerly Edwina Wills, whose son David was born in 1952, and who also has a daughter aged three months.

"I shall be able to see their point of view much more. When my son goes to Eton for the first time I shall be only 33."

Mrs. Huntington Hartford, the American actress, Marjorie Sicile, now appearing in *Love Is the Answer*, who has two babies, says of her four-year-old daughter,

• **TWENTY? Thirty? Or any time? The dispute between the doctors rages. "Twenty is too young," says Professor Thomas McKeown.**

• **AGE is not the important factor, says Professor W. C. W. Nixon. And, he adds, "I don't think you can make rigid rules."**

• **AND the mothers? They have their own ideas.**

By **ANNE SHARPLEY**

Cathy: "We shall be just like sisters."

"I wanted my babies Cathy and John so very much when I was still very young and not because I knew it would be an easier confinement. I wanted them because I was sure of myself and my marriage and I knew we could all be so very happy."

Twenty-year-old Lady Meland (formerly Lady Caroline Child-Villiers) whose son was born in December last year, says:

"We shall grow up together. I think it's a terrible idea to wait until 30. I love being a mother and couldn't be happier."

Top model girl, Pat Goddard, who had her first daughter when she was 18 and has also become the mother of another little girl, says that starting her family early "was the most wonderful thing I ever did."

"And, what's more, it made me the envy of all the other model girls. I find I started the fashion for models to have babies and keep their jobs. It has not made a scrap of difference to my career."

Supporting Professor McKeown are Lady Shawcross and playwright Mary Hayley Bell, who were "around thirty" when they had their first baby.

"I think it is often too much for a very young bride who still has to learn to run the household to have a baby in the first year or so of her marriage," says Lady Shawcross.

"She still wants to enjoy herself" and the responsibility seems too great.

"I find the children keep me young. I'm always being dragged off on bicycle rides when I'd far rather read a book."

"Perhaps the ideal time to start family is 25 and then there's plenty of time to have four babies, which I think is the ideal number."

Mary Hayley Bell, playwright wife of film star John Mills, has at the moment what she calls "a crushed nose" earned while playing hide-and-seek with her family of three.

I'm sure what really matters is to feel sure of oneself and

one's marriage. I look back on the people I nearly married in my teens and twenties and think what a merciful deliverance it was. Besides, I was far too interested in my career and myself to make a good mother. If I'd had my children earlier I'm sure I would have felt I was missing a lot of fun. Well, I had my fun and now I've got my family and I must say it's really more fun than the fun."

Summing up by Dame Hilda Lloyd, the first woman to be made president of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists, is that there is a "danger in wives in deliberately not having their babies until the thirties."

NO RIGID RULES

"The fertility of a woman decreases very rapidly after the age of 20 and the result of waiting may be no children at all. It is far better to have your family while you are young, or at least to have one child to make sure it is biologically possible to have more if you feel like it."

And Professor W. C. W. Nixon, of University College, London, and formerly of Hongkong University, believes:

HE'S BEEN 56 YEARS AT SEA

By **V. C. F. LOPEZ**

IF you want to be favoured with longevity—not just a long life, but a virile, healthy one—join the merchant navy in one capacity or another.

Barring any excesses you might get yourself into or any fatal injury you might receive in a waterfront brawl, the chances are that you may wind up like Lam Sai-heung, 72-year-old chief steward of the ms Hai Meng.

At first glance, the old man looks like any old, rather small, land-lubber of his age. But the easy way he moves about, without any undue stoop or shuffling gait, would betray the fact that he has acquired a rugged constitution after more than 56 years at sea.

A veteran of countless typhoons, hurricanes and storms of all sizes, Lam has sailed under various flags all over the world. Yet, through it all he has been to see the doctor only a few times—and these for routine check-ups.

Lam is a native of Swatow and has now served 31 years with Messrs Brunsøgaard, Klostervad and Co., Ltd. of Norway.

Interviewed at his modest West Point flat, the old man burst into laughter when asked to relate any outstanding experience he had undergone.

In his halting English, interspersed with Cantonese and Swatow dialect, he explained that nothing untoward had happened to him during all that time. He could not even remember the early days well enough to give a clear picture of his adventures.

He first tasted the salt sea air in 1898, at the age of 10. That was when he joined a German ship plying between here and Europe, as a mess-boy. Many years later, after sailing in ships of various nations, he joined the present company.

During the two world wars, he was fortunate enough not to have been in one of the many torpedoed ships, but many a

"I don't think you can make any rigid rules about the age. I'm quite sure age is not the most important factor. It is the mother's health and well-being that counts. I think it is an increasing trend in Britain and America, where women like to put their careers first and then have a family. A woman of 40 can have as easy a confinement as a 20-year-old."

But the best time to have a baby is when the mother is healthy, happy, sure of herself and her marriage, and when she wants a baby. And that, in my experience, is not confined to any age group."

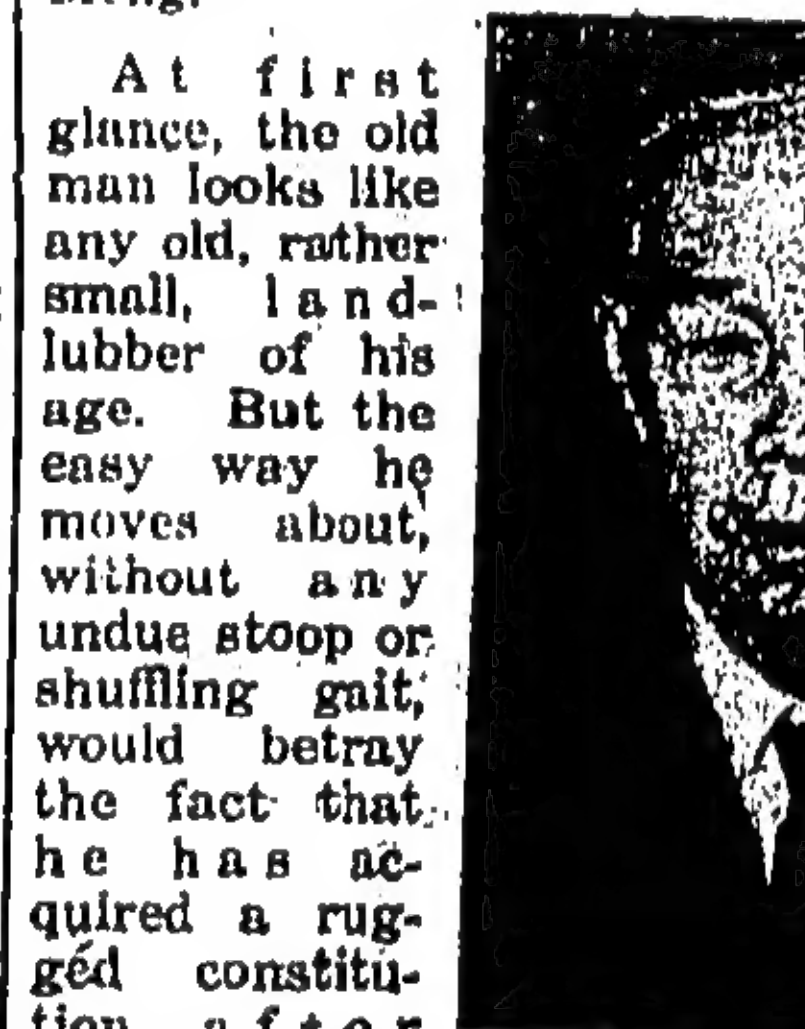
Professor Nixon has the right argument, I'm sure.

A woman will decide to have a baby not because she knows there will be less pain for her, or fewer economic complications in the home, or even because she's made her mark in the world and now is a good time to start a family.

She will decide to have a child because she feels the time is right.

Motherhood, I believe, in spite of all the professors, is still an instinct.

(WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED London Express Service.)



LAM SAI-HEUNG

Speaking of philosophy, perhaps you got to be a sort of philosopher after all those years of feeling the static roll of a ship under your feet.

But the old man has more reason than that to feel philosophical—and happy. He has four sons, two daughters and a grandchild. And there is more of the latter forthcoming.

Language difficulty and a certain amount of bashfulness prevented Lam from giving what might have been a most colourful account of life in the open sea from the viewpoint of a steward. But the wrinkles in his weather-beaten face and the pair of deep-set, thoughtful eyes that had seen a lot, spoke for themselves.

He said with a wide grin that he expected to keep on going for many years yet.

Asked how a person of his age could manage to cope with his duties and still be as fresh at the end of a day's work as any youngster in the ship, Lam smiled.

"No smoke, no drink, no gamble."

Before we parted, it occurred to me to ask if he was anxious to get back on the job. A number of his grandchildren were looking about him at the time, and his rough-tewn hands, tousled the hair that heads, he looked out the first floor window.

It was as if he was sniffing the pinch of the briny air through a port-hole. Then he turned once more to me, and said: "You see, that is my life."

Here is an amazing story from behind the Iron Curtain—the story of the men who make luxury clothes for the Commissars' wives and girl friends.

THIS SLAVE CAMP IS A RUSSIAN FASHION HOUSE!

By **Anthony Terry**

THE West may boast of its famous names in the world of high fashion. Midnettes in Paris and milliners in London and New York take pride in their employment in the work-rooms of renowned 'couturiers.' But beyond the Iron Curtain the system is a little different, it would seem. Dressmakers abound there, but sometimes those

who work on women's clothes lead very different lives from the seamstresses of the Free World.

Behind the barbed wire of the world's most unusual "fashion house" at Krasnogorsk, which is situated near Communism's capital, Moscow, the fur-coated wives and girl friends of top Soviet officials have "Paris models" made for them by tailor-

Astonishing revelations were made to me by a former German prisoner-of-war, as he told me how the smartly-dressed and jewel-laden "upper crust" of the Kremlin's women drive out in their bullet-proof limousines for fittings in the grim concentration camp where expert tailors (including German, Polish, Rumanian and Hungarian political prisoners) stitch away for twelve hours a day at the luxury clothes of the Red dictators' wives and sweethearts.

Hand-picked

My informant is Fritz Bartram, who spent over two years in the barbed-wire "fashion salon" at this place called Krasnogorsk. Today he is working under normal conditions, as a chief cutter in a reputable West German dressmakers' establishment.

In Russia Fritz Bartram was chosen to make suits

His Middle

Bartram said to me: "Vyshinsky was always very concerned that the cut of his suits should conceal the fact that he is beginning to develop too much weight around the middle."

"The measuring and fitting was carried out in General Sabulov's flat near the Kremlin," Fritz Bartram went on, "to which I was taken under escort. In all I made Vyshinsky eleven suits."

He paused, and smiled a grimly reminiscent smile. "Vyshinsky always ignored me completely during the fittings," he continued. "He never spoke, and never offered me a cigarette or a tip as some of my other big-shot Kremlin clients did. Any remarks Vyshinsky had to make on the suit or its fit were passed to me through an interpreter, although I knew Russian by then."

"Though Bartram was allowed out of camp to visit Moscow for Vyshinsky's fittings, the remainder of the elderly slave-workers who made the clothes for the Kremlin leaders and their wives were never allowed outside the barbed-wire."

"Our women customers came to the camp bringing with them a wave of expensive perfume as

well as out-of-date copies of Western fashion magazines," Bartram told me.

"These Soviet women, some of whom were very attractive, were ballerinas from the Moscow Ballet, diplomats' wives and actresses. Among them was Galina Ulanova, the first ballerina of the Moscow Ballet, who was often seen in Stalin's company at Kremlin parties."

"They all insisted on their particular 'model' being copied from a London, Paris or New York fashion magazine, even though the fashion shown was three or four years out of date by Western standards. They all came to me secretly and offered me bribes of several hundred rubles not to make a similar 'model' for any of my other customers at Krasnogorsk."

Frank Ladies

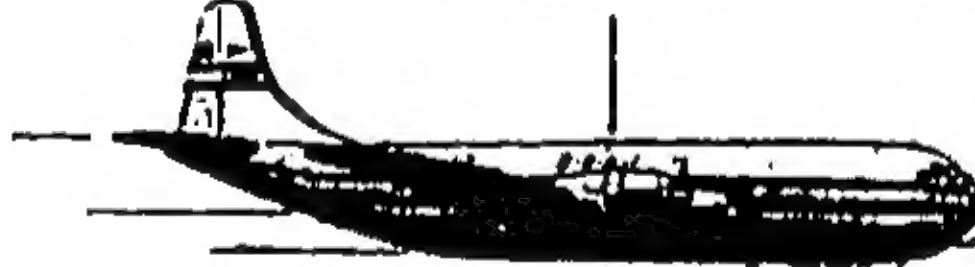
Materials for the clothes of the party leaders' wives were supplied by a special section of the Ministry of the Interior, and were far superior to anything obtainable in the rest of Russia. The result was that the wives and girl friends of the Red leaders made 'pin-money' selling the cloth they did not need on the Moscow black market.

"Sometimes the ladies of the new Moscow 'aristocracy' were surprisingly and dangerously frank in their remarks to me," Bartram said.

"One of them, the attractive brunette wife of 'one' of Molotov's deputies, who always arrived for fittings in the camp 'salon' in a big American car with a chauffeur, told me she had been abroad with her husband on Soviet diplomatic missions to Paris and San Francisco. She wore expensive jewellery and owned a large wardrobe of Paris models."

"Everyone knows the Soviet regime is corrupt and dishonest," she admitted. "But life is not too bad for me under it, so why should I worry?"

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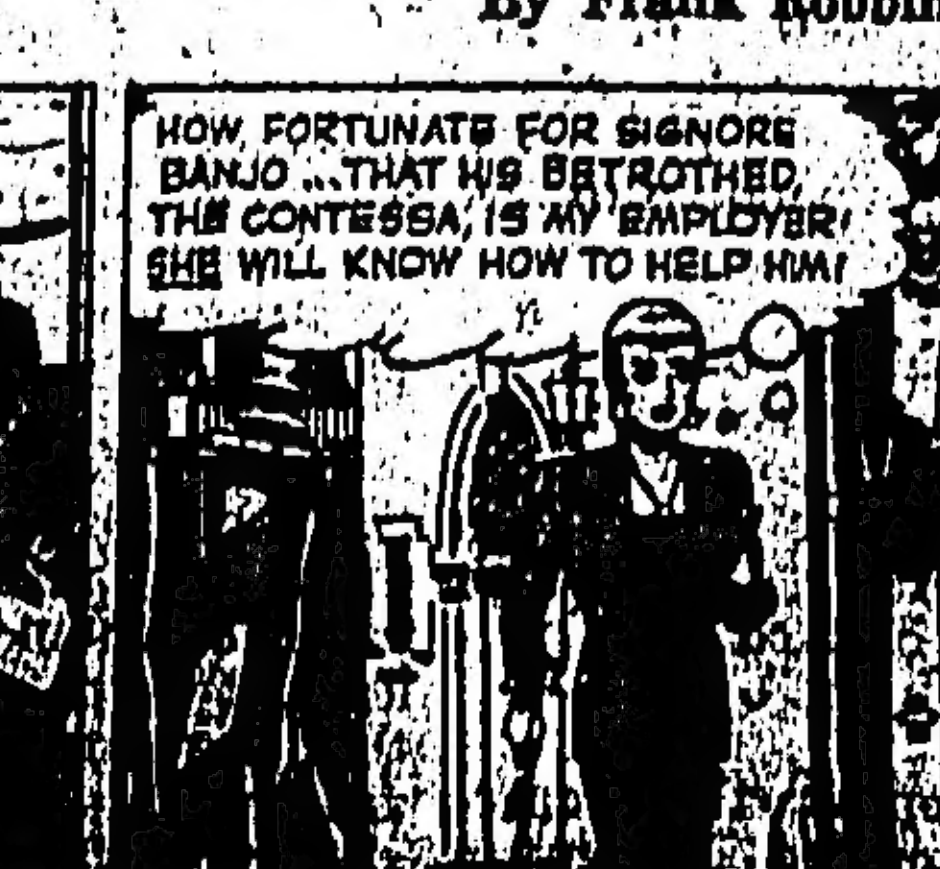
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JOHNNY HAZARD



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Anne Scott-James helps you to enjoy those long winter evenings

Dress up
and be
happy
at home!

London. DRAW the curtains, stoke the fire, switch on the lamps, and make a pleasure of the winter evenings that lie ahead. Nothing is nicer than the sound of rain beating on the windows—so long as you're inside.

Fill up the store cupboard, stack the bookshelves, get some flowers. Nothing is nicer than bad weather in the streets—if there's good food, conversation, comfort in your room.

Thinking of the long indoor hours that lie ahead, I have been in pursuit of ideas to bring pleasure, ease or sparkle into winter evenings. What's new (I've been asking) in evening-at-home clothes in round-the-fire food in put-your-feet-up furniture?

EVENING-AT-HOME CLOTHES make a fashion story packed with news. There's marvellous designing going into evening casuals.

Jewel links

First story is the evening skirts, which, to my eye, look newer than pants. Nicest I've seen are crystal-pleated skirts of fine printed wool.

Next, evening shirts, and I don't mean blouses. They should be tailored like a man's shirt, but in evening materials... work with jewelled cuff links or rhinestone buttons.

You know how I go on about tweeds? Well, tweed is good stuff for winter nights. A tweed dress with

London.

For evening-at-home the crystal-pleated wool skirt, in a plain, colour or a winter print. Built on to an elastic belt at the waist, with an unpleated panel at the back. Skirts and tops by Rina.

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Drawing by DEMACHY

a sparkle of embroidery is warm, gay, new.

Slippers become important when you put your feet up. The shops are full of pretty ones, from flat Turkish slippers with upturning toes to high-heeled slippers with wonderful buckles.

Beads are the most important evening accessory, as many and as bright as possible. Mod practical fashion of all comes to us from America, where even rich women are their own cooks the evening apron.

In New York I've seen an organdie apron worn feigningly over an elaborate gown.

No rushing

EVENING-AT-HOME MEALS are becoming shorter and simpler.

I don't mean that wives are providing less to eat. But less courses and more dishes which are complete in themselves, without the separate garnishes which involve last-minute cooking and extra washing-up.

The whole point of a comfortable dinner at home is that you who cook it should be able to eat it quietly with the others.

If you are rushing in and out of the kitchen, red-faced, making last-minute sauces and dishing up a dozen vegetables, nobody can relax.

So practise your hand at... Casserole dishes, where so much goes into one pot. Wonderful salads, which you can prepare at leisure and serve in haste.

Meat dishes served in broth, such as boiled beef eaten from soup plates.

Cold sweets, where English cooks so often fail.

EVENING-AT-HOME COMFORTS are on tap by the carload. The shops are full of ingenious ideas to bring pleasure to leisure. Such as:

Table decorations, excellent in many shops, with a prize for star-shaped wire candlesticks, each holding five candles.

Gramophone record holders, wedge-shaped, like a piece of cheese, which hold 48 records.

Straw tiffets (Portuguese) which it is nice to pull up close to the fire for toasting your legs.

Transparent cloche dish covers which ensure that your dishes get piping hot to the table or to your trolley by the fire.—London Express Service.

Keep In Trim... By Ida Jean Kain

Fashion Accent On
The Hipline

CIRCLE a wide ribbon around your hips and tie in a generous bow at one side. This gives a fair idea of the shape of the fashionable silhouette, with hips an important focus. The torso is one long unbelted, slender line.

Most of us do not follow fashion all the way—for one thing we couldn't afford to change our basic wardrobe. But it is fascinating to note the fashion trend and be alert to the general direction the silhouette will take in coming seasons.

What all this means as far as figures go is just this: To wear the new clothes with ease and that certain dash, the middle of the figure should be fluid, the waistline reasonably slim and hips smooth. With too much fat padding the hips, the effect is bound to be a bulky bundle.

In exercise, the emphasis should be on the stretch and side-bend to pull the middle measurement out

long and slim, and on rolling and leg swinging to tone the fleshy muscle on the back sides of the hips. Here we go—

This first stretch-bend makes for a pliant, silken slim mid-section.

Standing, arms arched overhead, finger tips touching. Pull up firmly with the middle muscles, but keep shoulders nicely relaxed. Now, bending left knee, sway sideways toward the left, pulling slim all along the right side of the silhouette. Then, shifting your weight, bend the right knee and sway toward the right side. Make this long and smooth. Turn on a lunge and sway smoothly and rhythmically. It's fun when you exercise with music.

And while you're in the mood, swing into a hip slimming motion. Sitting on the floor, lean back to bring weight to bear on the spot the ribbon encircled. For push and balance, have arms out at sides, slightly back, palms down. Now roll rhythmically across the hipline over to one thighline, and giving a push with the hand, roll back across hips. Make it a slow, easy r-o-l-l. With fashion focus on the hips, if you ever needed hip slimmers, you need them now! Happy slimming!

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THIS IS THE PARADISE
FOR WOMEN, BUT—

By EILEEN ASCROFT

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If she wants a career, there is no sex discrimination. If she prefers to stay at home and raise a family there are a million unseen hands to lighten her household tasks.

In one large bookshop on Fifth Avenue I counted 30 books with the word “woman” in the title.

It seems to the less pampered English a trifle unfair that the men here work so hard and age so early, making money for their wives to spend adorning and beautifying themselves. The result is, of course, that the women remain youthful, sprightly and good-looking long after the poor husband has lost his last tuft of hair and started collecting ulcers.

But give me the Englishman, with all his defects. He may not be so indulgent, he may be more difficult to manage, but he wears better, lasts longer, and is more masculine.

IN EVERY SHOP

New York has gone overboard for the H-line. Every shop carries an adaptation of it; every fashion paper has pictures of it. You meet the \$100 version lunching in Park Avenue; you see the \$3 edition tripping up Broadway.

At the swanky Versailles night-spot it was startling to see the first chorus line wearing the H-line. Six lovely girls and not a bosom between them.

Dior-inspired foundations are selling by the thousand with their long-waisted, moulding lines and obliterated busts.

New York women have a militant devotion to current fashions. They are prepared to pound typewriters, do their housework or take the children to school engaged in the most restricting undergarments—all in the cause of fashion.

It was a relief to reach less-fashion-conscious Chicago and see women again looking more like God made them.

GLASS HOUSE

First impressions of the fabulous glass palace that is the UNO building, overlooking the Hudson River...

Young-marrieds, settling up house, could gain some exciting ideas in colour schemes. Deep mulberry walls, chestnut carpets and chairs of clear blue and champagne. Or two shades of lime relieved by terracotta, and duck-egg blue walls teamed with deep violet-blue and chairs in three contrasting colours—red, blue and green.

Women's emancipation has triumphed here. It was feared that the carphones used for translating might ruffle the hair-dos of the few women delegates. So all the men, too, must wear the plastic cap that fits over the ear designed to please the women.

Fifth Avenue has its own brand of Teddy-boy.

New Yorkers are enthusiastic about the short Edwardian topcoat with silk velvet collars for autumn. The coat is nicknamed “The Chesterfield,” after the fourth Earl, who introduced it in England in the 18th century.

For more conventionally-minded males, most “Chesterfields” sell with an extra self-collar to replace the velvet.

GENTLEMEN PREFER...

Brown hair is the American woman's favourite this winter. Blondes are old-fashioned, black hair is out.

New “brownette” beauty aids include shampoos that wash colour into the hair: “sun streaks” that are brushed on to give golden glints and red and copper rinses to give a russet autumnal look.

A spruce up the American Male campaign is being waged in New York.

Designer Celi Chapman told the Custom Tailors and Designers' Association: “Men seem to think it is not manly to be well dressed. They leave off hats, ties and coats at every opportunity.”

Miss Chapman blames American women. They are so busy with their own looks, she says, that they neglect the appearance of their husbands and sons.

To back up Miss Chapman, tailors have announced sartorial Oscars called “Bum-mells” for well-dressed men. Already cleaning and pressing shops report an increase in business as wives take their menfolk in hand.

WORLD CORRESPONDENT, ASSOCIATED PRESS (London Express Service)

NESCAFÉ



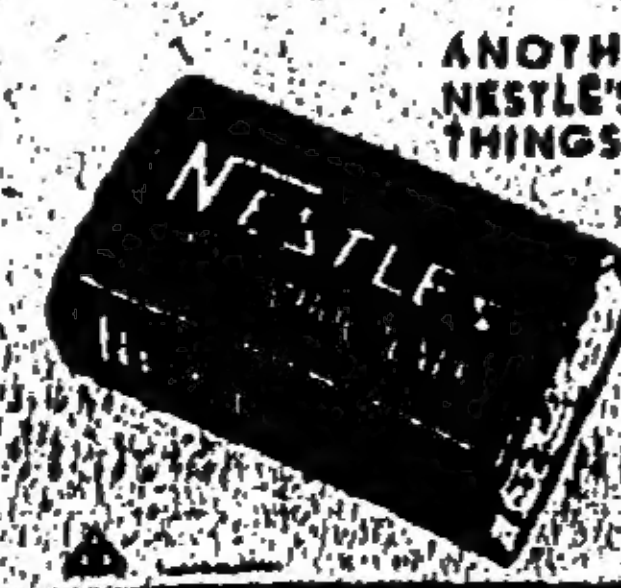
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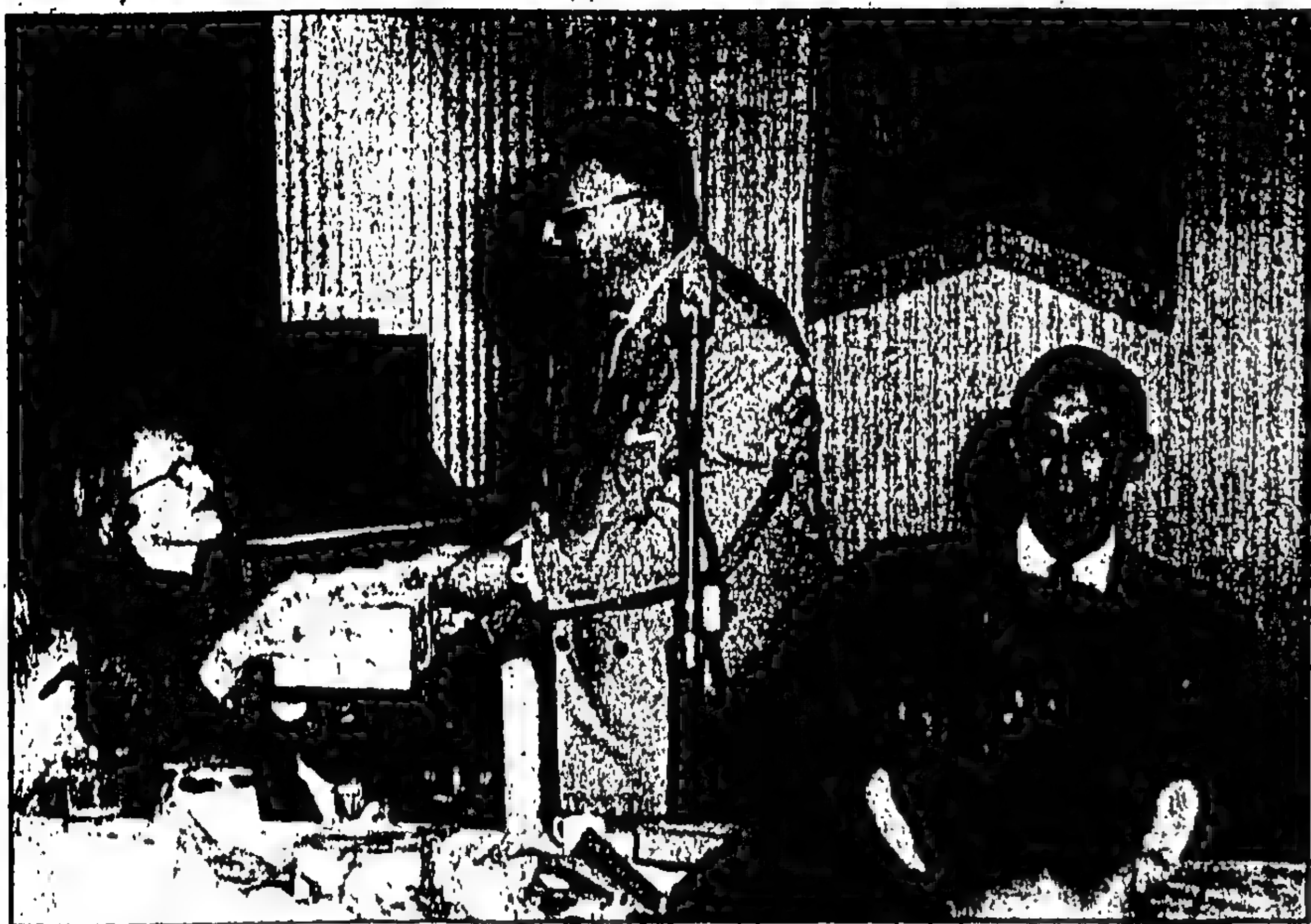
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NESTLÉ'S

“There is hardly anything in the world that some man cannot make a little worse and sell a little cheaper and the people who consider price only are this man's lawful prey.”

John Ruskin

IF IT'S NESTLÉ'S... IT'S GOOD... VERY GOOD!



DR D. Y. Lee, President of the Hongkong Branch of the St John's University Alumni Association, presenting Mrs Pott, wife of Professor James H. Pott (right), with a gift at the annual dinner of the group on Saturday last. Professor Pott was former Acting President of the University. (Staff Photographer)



AT the annual speech day of Wah Yan College, Robinson Road. Mrs R. R. Todd presenting a certificate to one of the graduates. (Staff Photographer)



MR Donald Leach, Mr H. Owen Hughes and Mr Abbas al Arculli snapped at the opening of the Indian Recreation Club's new building last week. Mr Arculli is President of the Club. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP of prizewinners at the Halloween dance held at the American Club. (Willie's)



MAJOR-GENERAL R. C. Cruddas, former General Officer Commanding, Hongkong Land Forces, saying farewell to United States Army liaison officers on the morning of his departure from Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)



MR Alexander Teo and his bride, formerly Miss Priscilla Ip, who were married at St Andrew's Church on Saturday last. The groom is prominent in many sports; he was the Colony bantamweight boxing champion in 1951.



AT St Teresa's Church last Saturday, Mr and Mrs Antonio de Jesus Maria Lopes pose with their attendants after their wedding. The bride was Miss Winifred Marguerite Lum. (Staff Photographer)



AT the opening session of the new "Twenty Questions" programme at Radio Hongkong's studios on Wednesday evening. The question master is Patrick Butler, and facing him are, left to right, Stan Lloyd, Paddy Sheehan, Faith Butler, Dorothy Scales and John Little. This popular programme is on the air every Wednesday evening. (Staff Photographer)



MR Joseph C. Osman, who chased and struggled with an armed robber on Mount Davis Road, being handed a letter of appreciation by the Commissioner of Police, Mr A. C. Maxwell. Picture was taken at the Central Police Station Gymnasium last week, when twenty other residents received similar letters for assistance to the Police. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Miss Mimi da Motta receiving a prize from Mrs C. P. Ferguson at the prizegiving of King George V School on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Members of the Yale Club of Hongkong and guests at a dinner meeting held at the International Hotel last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

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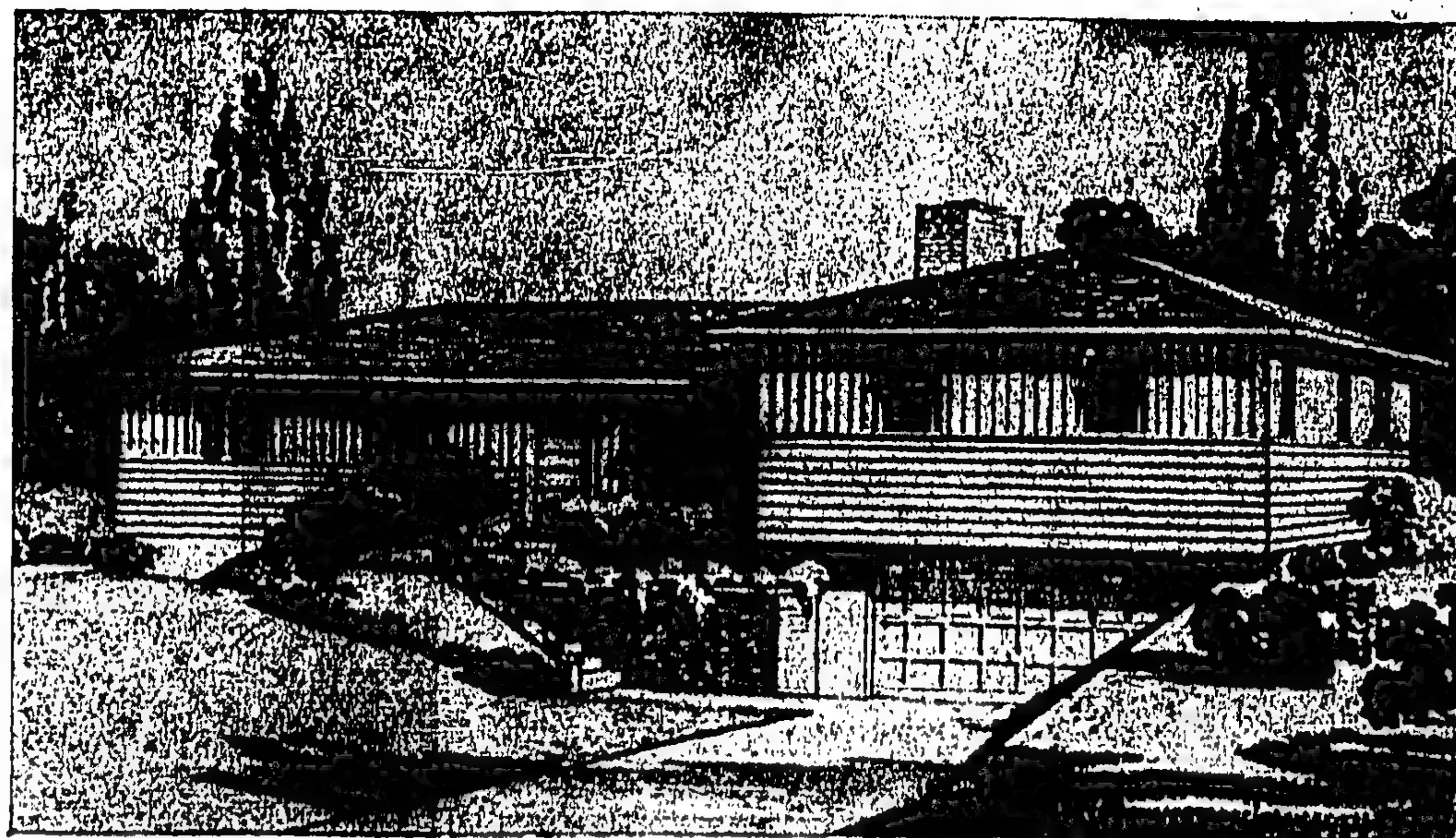
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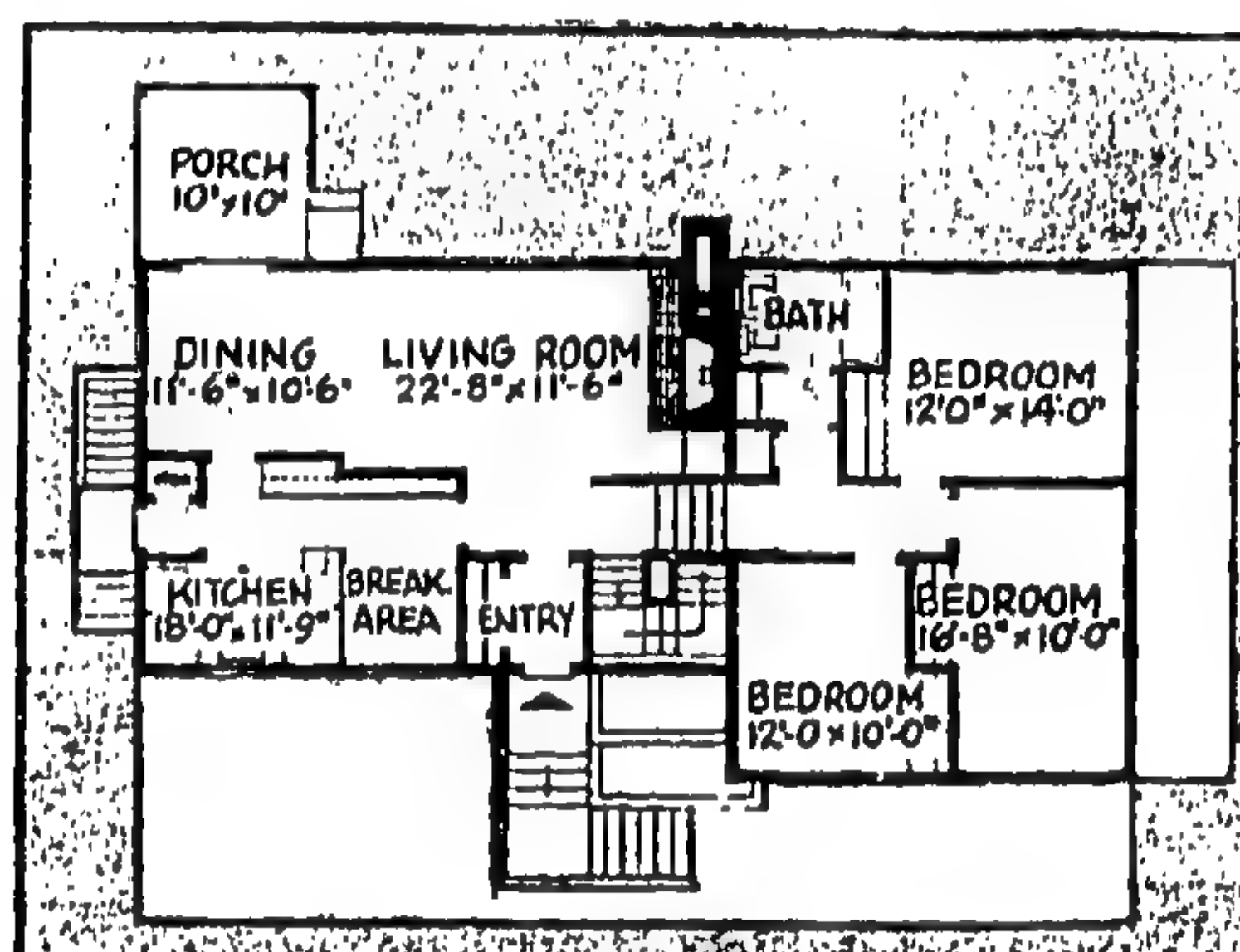
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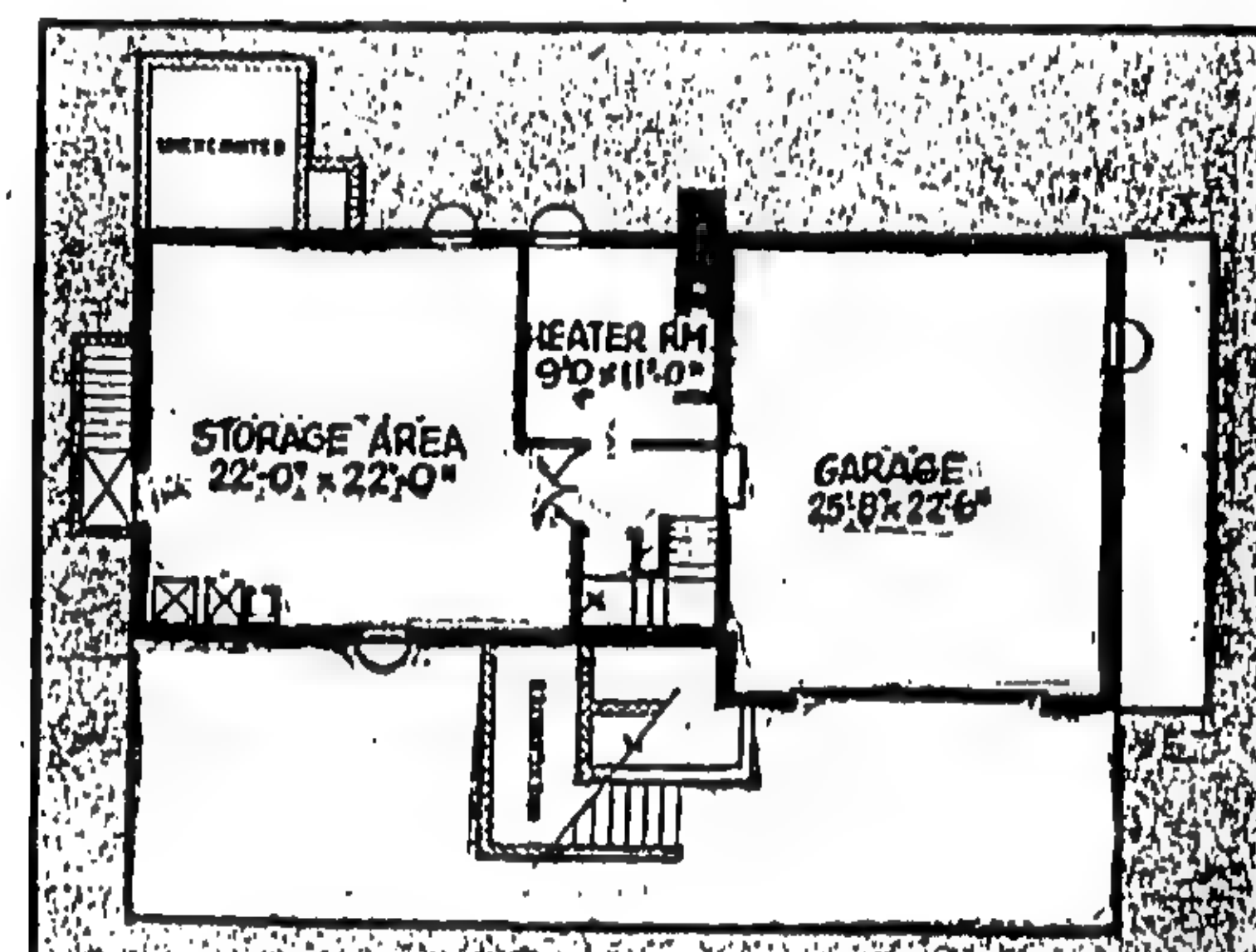
More Than One Level



THIS CHARMING SPLIT-LEVEL HOME, L-3430, is a stand-out in any neighbourhood. The exterior siding, with clever contrasts of vertical and horizontal boards, is enhanced by brick-walled flower boxes. Attractive raised steps lead up two flights to the entrance.



THE PRACTICAL GROUND FLOOR PLAN includes an efficient kitchen with a breakfast area, and a living room with a small dining section.



A TWO-CAR GARAGE, a heater-room and a storage area complete the basement floor plan. The storage area might be a rumpus room.

By Joan O'Sullivan

BOTH of the split-level houses featured today are three-bedroom plans that concentrate on the essentials and skip luxurious extras.

The architect believes in first things first. Later on, when the family income increases, porches or patios can be added and basement space may be transformed into recreation rooms. Meantime, these houses are designed, and well designed, for everyday, family living.

The house at the top of the page, L-3430, is a prize-winner in any community.

The contrast of vertical and horizontal siding, plus the beauty of brick flower boxes, makes for an exceptionally interesting exterior design.

For Expansion

Inside, the main level is designed for living in a grand way. The combination dining and living area sweeps across the back of the house, highlighted by a striking fireplace with a wide brick hearth. There's a double window arrangement in the dining room, a triple one in the living area. In addition, the dining room opens on a small back porch, which might some day be expanded to include a fieldstone patio.

The kitchen, with a U-shaped arrangement of appliances, occupies the front corner of this level. One part of the room is set aside for a breakfast nook. A small kitchen hall, with storage closet, leads to the side entry and the basement stairway.

Down a flight, in the cellar, there's a good-sized storage area just waiting to be turned into a rumpus room. The basement also has a heater and an entrance to the two-car garage. Sleeping quarters, which occupy the top level, can be reached from a hallway off the living room. Each of the three bedrooms is cross-

ventilated and has a roomy accordion door closet.

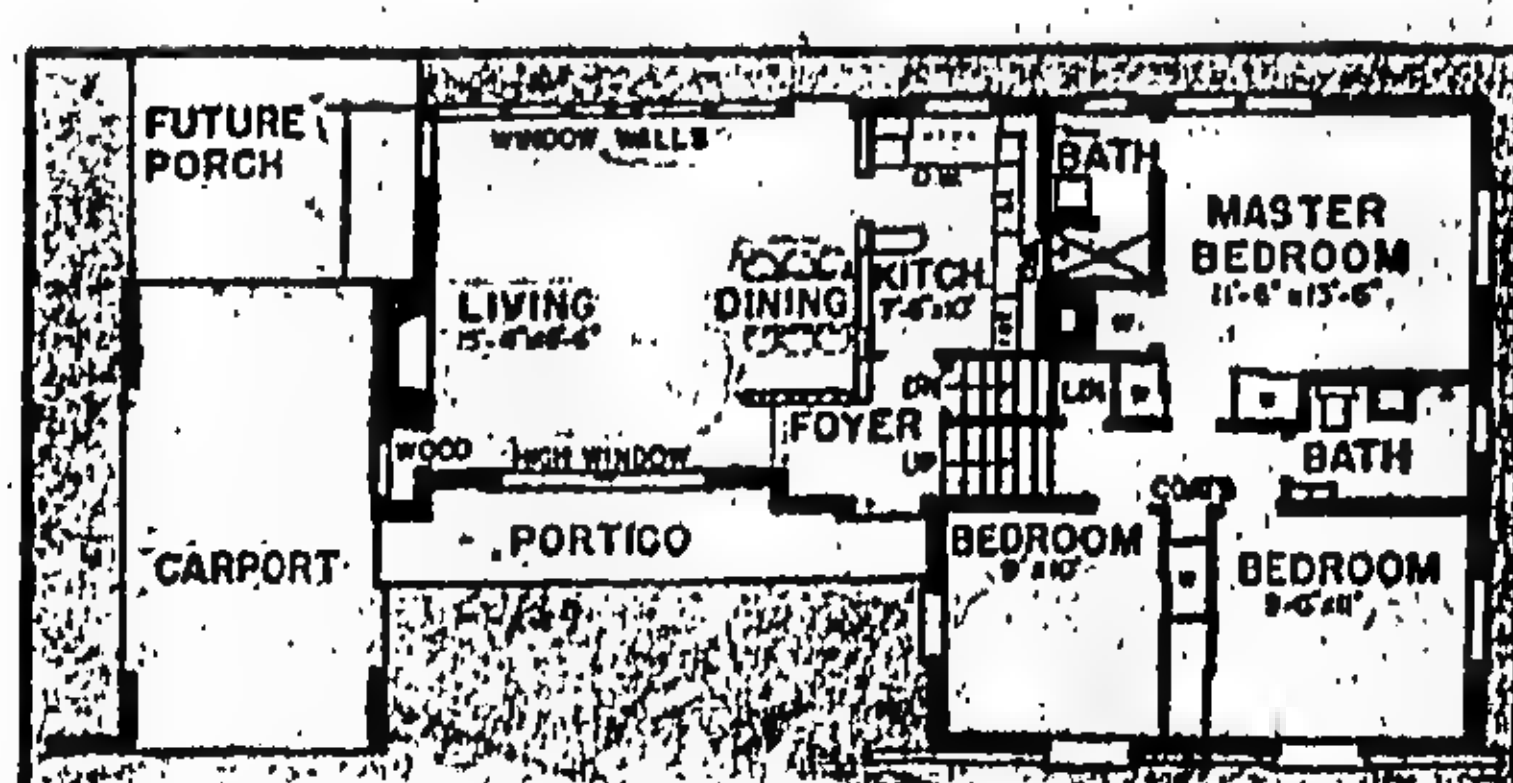
The bathroom, luxuriously complete with a built-in vanity, is also on this level. Plan No. L-8430 comprises 1,585 square feet.

The other split-level house, Plan No. L-5225, is slightly smaller.

Two-way Wood Box

On the ground level, a delightful living-dining area is bright with windows, including an entire wall of them at the back. The decorative fireplace has an adjacent wood box, which opens into the carport. This means there's no need to scatter splinters on the carpet when the log supply needs replenishing.

The kitchen is small, but the architect has made the most of space by placing appliances in an L-arrangement. From the front foyer, a half flight of steps leads to the three bedrooms. They're light, airy rooms with sliding door wardrobes. There are two baths here, one in the back master bedroom, the other conveniently placed near the front bedrooms. The basement, also reached by a half flight of steps down from the foyer, has a laundry, a heater room and a storage area. Plan No. L-5225 comprises 977 square feet.



IN BACK OF THE CARPORT, plans include the possibility of a future porch, an extra which can be added when the budget permits.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If shiny buttons on a garment have been dimmed by repeated washings, an application of colorless nail polish will restore their lustre.

To remove ink stains from wallpaper by covering the spot with a piece of clean white paper, then apply a warm iron and 24 carat gold leaf. If you overcook canned sauce, add a dash of vinegar and 24 carat gold leaf. If you overcook canned sauce, add a dash of vinegar and 24 carat gold leaf.

WHAT CAUSES CANCER?

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

TO the question, "What causes cancer?" no one can yet give a definite answer. But this does not mean that we have no information. We do have enough to lead us on to further search and also to give some useful and practical cues for cancer prevention, for early discovery, and in more and more cases, essential cure.

We know, for example, that exposure to certain types of radiation—X-rays, radium, atomic energy and the rays of the sun—can lead to cancer if excessive or prolonged. Chronic mechanical irritation, as from a decayed or broken tooth, a badly fitted denture, or a starched collar rubbing on a mole, may result in cancer.

Heat, such as the hot smoke of a pipe or of cigars or cigarettes smoked in holders, may stimulate malignancy. Scars of burns often deteriorate into cancer. Certain chemicals, notably tars, may give rise to cancers of the skin, as in petroleum workers or chimney sweeps. Recently, the effect of tars on the lungs due to cigarette smoking and from the increasing prevalence of these substances in our atmosphere, has opened up a controversy over the cause of great increases in lung cancer; a dispute far from settled. Chronic infection and unhealed wounds, such as those sustained in childhood, may, if neglected, eventually lead to cancer.

Seek basic cause

But the great majority of cancer patients have not been exposed to radiation, have not suffered burns, have not been irritated by tars and chemical substances, have not neglected injuries. And, what is even more to the point, large numbers of individuals who have been subjected to these common "causes" of cancer, have not had malignancies. It seems apparent, therefore that these are but precipitating causes and not the basic cause of cancer. Given these factors, something else as yet unidentified, and we

are likely to see cancer. But even without these factors, cancer develops.

Research on mice has shown that some are susceptible to cancer and others are not. It has shown also that in mice, the cancer tendency is hereditary. But we are not ready to say that cancer in man is invariably an inherited tendency. Statistical evidence, for available does not bear out such a contention.

Cancer is known to be closely related to a group of hormones or internal secretions, the steroid hormones; those which affect the breast, the uterus and the prostate. Some of these have been used with some effectiveness in treatment of cancers of these organs. The cancer-producing effect of these hormones increases with age. But their exact functioning is not fully understood.

Closing in on mystery

Diet in relation to cancer has been of interest to research workers for many years. In mice, simple calorie restriction is effective in restraining tumour growth. In the human being, relationships are less well-defined, and at the present time it is not possible to state whether diet has or does not have a relationship to cancer. Certainly, there is as yet no warrant for advising any diet, or eliminating any common foodstuff. The answer to the question of cancer causation is not so pat and easy as some would have us believe.

Whether cancer is an infection has been the subject, not only of research, but of popular fears. Some evidence in animals and plants suggests the possibility that a virus may be concerned, but this does not warrant any fear of contagion in human cancer patients. Scientists are closing-in on the cancer cause mystery. We need much more information than we have, but it is wrong to believe that we know nothing about cancer. Perhaps the most important thing we have learned, is to put our knowledge to use as fast as it is established, so that without waiting for full enlightenment, we are already saving many thousands of cancer patients with the knowledge we have.

Care For Leather Furnishings

A CUSTOMER in a big store was admiring the decorative uses of leather in one of the store's model room displays. "And what kind of wax do you recommend for keeping leather

furnishings in good condition?" she asked.

The salesman's eyebrows shot up in horror. "Madame," he said, "would you wax a cow?" The incident serves to answer the question homemakers invariably ask when they see the new wall hangings of lustrous platinum-tinted leather, the aqua or pink leather table tops, the russet, berry leather upholstery, the lemon yellow leather chairs, the floors made of leather blocks.

EASILY CLEANED

Does leather in home decorating mean difficult, expensive upkeep—fancy polishes and waxes? No. The best possible care for the leather furnishings that are becoming so increasingly popular, is to wash them off with lukewarm soap and water. One reason decorators have so wholeheartedly adopted leather for use in the home is that it is so easy and inexpensive to maintain in fine condition. The palest or the brightest colours respond to the same simple treatment. First, the leather is dusted with a clean, dry cloth. Next it is gone over with soapsuds and a minimum of water, then with a damp rinse cloth, and finally polished with a soft, dry cloth.

NEW IDEA

That's all there is to it. Alcohol spills, the bane of the hostess, come off with a dry cloth, followed by a soap and water rub to remove the odour. If the spot is acid, a cloth dipped in a mixture of one teaspoon soda to a glass of water, then a wash with soda, will do the trick. The luxurious look of leather, combined with its durability and easy cleaning qualities, makes it especially popular with designers of radio sets, game tables and draperies as well as with furniture manufacturers. The field is widening with increasing use so that today there are chaise longue, sofas, some stimulating, some sedate, others resembling alligator. A new idea for dining room or den is leather chairs upholstered in natural leather and black leather. We saw a model room which featured such dining and it was as practical and easy to care for as it was handsome.

—Eleanor Ross

School Lunch Special

New York.

ADD a touch of glamour to the school lunch

meal. Pack "extras" to add variety to the traditional sandwich, fruit and milk, and give the youngsters something to anticipate at noon time.

A thermos bottle full of hot soup is nourishing fare and should be included often. And to make a simpler job out of packing the lunch pail, keep an assortment of sandwich fillings in the refrigerator or freezer and use with different breads. One bread, apricot-nut, is a lunch box natural because it stays moist and fresh longer than most white bread. Spread generously with cream cheese, it's a real treat.

Here is the apricot-nut bread recipe:

2 cups sifted enriched flour; 2 teaspoons baking powder; 1 teaspoon salt; 1/2 cup brown sugar; 1 egg beaten; 1 1/2 cups buttermilk; 1 cup rolled oats (quick or old-fashioned, uncooked); 1/4 cup melted shortening; 1/2 cup chopped dried apricots; and 1/2 cup chopped nuts.

Sift together flour, baking powder, soda and salt into bowl. Add sugar, Add egg and buttermilk all at once and stir lightly until dry ingredients are dampened. Lightly stir in rolled oats, melted shortening, apricots and nuts. Pour into a greased paper-lined loaf pan (1-pound size).

Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) for 65 to 70 minutes. Remove from pan immediately and cool thoroughly. For extra slicing, store in bread box one day before using.

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THINGS TO COME

Russia's "Attack On Heaven"

By WALTER KOLARZ

DURING the summer of 1954 a striking development has taken place on Russia's "religious front." The entire Soviet press has suddenly begun to attack religion with a violence and intensity unheard of since the war. Of course, Soviet newspapers have frequently carried articles complaining about the survival of religious superstitions and urging people to fight against them. But now, for the first time in 15 years, we are faced with a systematic anti-religious campaign centrally inspired and centrally directed.

The Society for the Dissemination of Scientific Knowledge, which specializes in ideological problems, plays the leading part in this new offensive. It has been created to extend its anti-religious propaganda and to organize more effective lectures. For instance, the "atheistic essence of Islam" is to be announced in Central Asia and Eastern Transcaucasia, and the "intrigue of the Vatican" are to be unmasked in the Western border areas.

THE GODLESS

The Society has also been encouraged to publish a special journal devoted to atheistic propaganda. This will be the first anti-religious periodical to appear in the Soviet Union since 1914 when the ill-fated weekly *Bezbozhnik* (The Godless) ceased publication.

At the same time the Ministries in charge of culture and education are being drawn into the campaign. The mouthpiece of the Soviet Ministry of Culture, *Sovetskaya Kultura*, has indicated that one of the 30 anti-religious museums which existed in Russia before the war are to be reopened. A demand for more anti-religious films has likewise suddenly appeared in Soviet newspapers.

The Ministry for Higher Education of the USSR and the Ministries of Education in the Union Republics have been urged to make greater efforts to secure the materialist indoctrination of students and school children.

DISAPPOINTED

The greatest problem facing the educational authorities concerns the teachers. They have been most carefully recruited, many have come from the ranks of the Komsomol (Communist Youth League) and staunch anti-religious convictions on their part have been a condition of employment. Yet many teachers have disappointed. Practice has shown that their atheism cannot always be taken for granted and the regime realizes that the education of the rising generations is not in the safest hands.

This Ministry of Education, therefore, is now carrying out a thorough check on teachers who in recent years have shown a neutral, or even a friendly, attitude towards religion. The organ of the Ministry of Education, the *Teacher's Gazette*, has instructed its local correspondents to "denounce teachers who show tolerance towards religious survivals. In this way a stamp

WALTER KOLARZ, author of "Stalin and Eternal Russia" (1944), "Myths and Realities in Eastern Europe" (1946), "Russia and her Colonies" (1952), "How Russia is Ruled" (1953) and "The Peoples of the Soviet Far East" (1954), is a specialist scriptwriter on the staff of the British Broadcasting Corporation. He was formerly diplomatic correspondent of an international news agency. He is a specialist in East European affairs.

One of the main purposes of the present anti-religious campaign is to make such "scandals" impossible, by intimidating both teachers and the population.

An even greater problem than the "neutrality" of the teachers is the attitude which Party and Komsomol officials have taken towards anti-religious propaganda. Many party bureaucrats, though themselves firm in their atheistic principles, do not like to take a hand in anti-religious propaganda. They have realized that lecturing on anti-religious subjects demands a great deal of specialized knowledge and they prefer other easier tasks.

DANGEROUS

But to conduct anti-religious propaganda is not only difficult; it may even be dangerous. If the lecturer is aggressive he may be accused of offending the believers and of provoking religious fanaticism by his verbal excesses. If he is too gentle he may be charged with lack of fighting spirit and with taking a neutral position.

Even anti-religious text books cannot be relied upon by would-be speakers. A case in point was the book, "Chemistry and the Fight Against Superstitions," published in 1953. A Moscow newspaper complained that the book promoted a belief in miracles. Instead of destroying

A matter which has caused particular concern to the more militant section of the Communist Party is the indifference shown by many Party chiefs towards the observance of religious holidays. This observance has survived stubbornly in all parts of the country—from the outskirts of Leningrad to the Caucasus and the borders of Afghanistan. Pravda, the Soviet youth newspaper, recently published a graphic picture of how a Muslim holiday was celebrated in the Gissar plain, the most populous and economically the most important area of the Tajik Soviet Republic. On the day people devoted to the observance

place of prayer, the Gissar fortress, on overcrowded buses, by taxi on motor-cycles, on bicycles and on foot. Not only did old people attend but young folk as well. All of them were collective farmers engaged in cotton production. Everybody seemed to condone the celebration—the collective farm chairman, the Party and the Komsomol. Komsomolskaya Pravda complained that the cotton growers were paid as usual for the day they spent in prayer.

Such cases seem to happen frequently, and they seem to have induced the Agitation and Propaganda Department in Moscow to make the campaign against religious holidays a focal point in the general anti-religious offensive.

FEAR, ENVY

The Soviet trade unions have also been reminded of their special duties in this field. Trade union activists of the Moscow Province were summoned in August this year to a special conference. The main speaker, the chairman of the Moscow trade unions, Vasiliev, urged that the struggle against superstitions and prejudices should be increased particularly in the district of Zagorsk, site of the Troits-Sergiev Monastery and a famous place of pilgrimage for Orthodox Christians. Mobilization of the trade unions for anti-religious work shows how much the regime fears the impact of religious ideas on the working class.

Any form of religion is harmful from the Soviet point of view. The Communists are afraid of the solemn liturgy in Orthodox and Catholic churches as they are of the formless prayer meetings of the sectarians. They are not only afraid of them but they envy them, for both tend to offer greater attractions than the Communist institutions.

The Lithuanian Communist youth paper recently contrasted the ceremonial ritual of the Church with the uninteresting cultural mass work of the Komsomol, and there have been frequent admissions that the community life of Baptists is superior to that prevailing in many Communist clubs.

EXPLANATIONS

But why has the Soviet Government chosen the present moment to launch its new "attack on heaven?" Several explanations suggest themselves. First, the anti-religious campaign must be related to the big internal and ideological changes which have taken place since Stalin's death.

The Soviet regime is weaker politically today than it was two years ago at the time of the nineteenth party congress. It is weaker ideologically, for nothing was able to replace the formidable, oppressive authority of Stalin in every field. In this situation the new men in the Kremlin cannot afford to observe the same attitude of patronizing contempt which the late Generalissimo showed towards religion in the last years of his rule.

They fear the power of religion as a rival ideology much more than Stalin did and have put more emphasis on it. Articles in the Soviet Communist press which proclaim freedom of religious propaganda for Communists are a sign of weakness, not of strength.

(Mr. Kolarz continues the subject in *Mockery*)

William Hickey

THE BARRICADES...WERE NEVER LIKE THIS...

I WENT to a bus strikers' meeting in Trafalgar Square. The geraniums were blooming in the long flower-bed that runs along the back.

The central jets of the fountains were not playing. But the nymphs and fishes provided an agreeable artistic background.

There were several hundred people in the square. There was a line of faces peering down from the parapet.

They faced the base of the Nelson Column. It was covered with 50 or 60 men and women—most of them in the uniform of drivers and conductors.

Two of the lions were decorated with microphones. I do not know if any Communists were in the crowd. If there were they ought to have thrown themselves into the fountain-pools and resolutely resist any attempt to save them.

A mockery

For this was a mockery of a strike meeting. This was a mockery of the proletariat's struggle for bread and work.

This was a mockery of all those meetings, those protest marches of the hungry and the under-privileged. This was a mockery of the march to the barricades of the bloody struggles that have been seen—as in 1887—on this same spot.

It was a mockery of trade unionism, of Socialism, of all that the so-called progressive parties have stood for.

For here were bus-striking demonstrators against London Transport—a part of a nationalised industry. And was not nationalisation a cure for all ills?

And here were bus-striking demonstrators against their union. And yet was not trade union solidarity the foundation of working-class progress?

"They don't know! They don't care!" said a voice over the microphones.

It wasn't bloated capitalists he was criticising. He wasn't with furious eloquence denouncing Throgmorton Street or Lombard Street.

He was talking about the leaders of the Transport and General Workers' Union.

But no zeal

The audience reacted slowly to the speakers. They were fair speakers. They explained their grievances. But they had not the drive, the burning zeal of the starved and the ill-treated.

London. Their troubles were the troubles that should be discussed over balze-covered tables in some union or Ministry headquarters.

Overtime... new schedules... inadequate pay... but the audience knew—a British audience takes a lot of fooling—that there was no cause to send them home filled with righteous indignation.

Take the audience. It was not a working-class audience of the sort that there was before the war. You couldn't produce that sort of an audience now however hard you tried.

It was a middle-class audience. That was the triumph of the Socialist Government under Attlee. It made the working-class a bourgeoisie.

The men were well turned out. The children warmly clad in new coats. The middle-aged women in very good cloth coats and new hats.

The young girls went around in twos, arm-in-arm. They always go around like that in London on a Sunday afternoon. Until they meet a couple of "nice fellows."

Oh, Marx!

Beautifully dressed. Not just well dressed. Not just warmly dressed. But fashionably dressed. With good nylons and smart shoes. Tasteful jewellery and a fresh hair-do.

Oh! Shades of Marx! Oh! Shades of Engels! Oh! Shades of Keir Hardie!

To ask these people to march along to the Palace and ask the Queen to listen to their grievances would be like asking the directors of the City to storm Inland Revenue in protest against their new surtax assessments!

There were banners and placards decorating the platform.

Some were simple affairs. You lift wages. We lift overtime pay. High Rates, Low Wages.

But one of the banners was one of those elaborate trade union affairs. I always admire them. They remind me of the old guild banners that used to be carried in religious processions in the great medieval trading towns.

The 'tap'

The orators were too educated. They used long words that didn't mean much in a public meeting. And when they did use a vulgar phrase they apologised for it—like a university professor excusing himself for using a cockney word in a learned lecture.

"Our next business," I heard over the amplifiers, "is to 'tap' the public—to use a common expression—to pay for the meeting. I'll let you into a secret, the organisation of this meeting has cost £70."

Brother Morgan—he admitted that he was Welsh—called for contributions. The platform was "asking for pounds." It didn't want shillings and pence. They would be collected by people going around the crowd.

What the platform wanted was the big stuff. "We've got two cheques!" said the amplifiers.

A strikers' meeting collecting cheques! Working-class people with bank accounts just like some "grinder of the faces of the poor!"

Five pounds was next counted out with satisfaction. It came from "a member of the travelling public."

The platform got a little cross because the pound notes were not being collected quickly enough. "They will get tired of holding them up," said Brother Morgan.

"Ten shillings from a stevedore," drew a slight cheer. "A 15-shilling T.O.U. from two nurses" had a slight response.

Then came a spot of sentiment. "Two and sixpence from two children."

There were quite a few notes from anonymous "members of the travelling public." Pity they didn't give their names.

Brother Morgan gave another pep-talk. "Ladies and gentlemen," notice that, comrades! "they are not on."

Enmeshed

He was having another crack at the union and the London Transport Executive.

As I came away the pigeons were swarming in a cloud over the square.

The sky was something Manet would have liked to have painted all my clouds in a background of the soft blue that you get just before sunset.

The audience made for the tea-shops and the tubes, both were still working.

An afternoon to make you think! Nearly all those people on the platform first-rate types.

Certainly most of the audience. Caught up in giant organisations... caught up in impersonal arbitration methods in all the elaborate machinery that 20th-century man has evolved to keep an impossibly complicated civilisation at work.

Men and women frustrated by the work that the modern world has given them. Nursing grievances over their monotonous, uncreative work.

And yet that same civilisation has given them... a standard of living that not many countries can match... nylons, fashions, TV sets, the radio, the pools, and paid holidays.

It's a delicate thing this 1954 civilisation!

SOCIALIST VIEW: COLD WAR WILL GO ON

By JAMES WICKENDEN

SINCE Attlee's Peking visit, China has rivalled the discovery of the Mithras temple as a popular mystery in Britain. The strange life and beliefs of her swarming millions have begun to arouse unusual interest, particularly among Socialists.

The Tories, on the other hand, have almost forgotten that Attlee ever went to China. They refuse to believe his visit had much effect on the "problems faced" in the rooms off the marble halls in the Foreign Office.

This different party attitude does not spring from quite Labour pride in Attlee's visit and Tory jealousy, but from different ways of thinking.

To the Tories, China is a practical problem in building confidence between East and West. They prefer to get results at conferences than marvel at China's ways. To Socialists are more detached. They want to know where the sweat of millions of Chinese workers will get them.

One reason for the difference is of course that the Tories feel the weight of governmental duties and daily decisions. The Labour Party has more time to ponder "problems" than the Tories. Furthermore, the Tories see China as just one of many foreign problems. These range from Russia to Greece, from Spain to Africa, from Asia to the Middle East. But the Labour Party sees China as a world problem. It is the only country in the world which has the potential to overthrow the capitalist system.

lack principle in their views on China, as many Socialists suggest.

For Eden, the guide to the East has always been that none of its problems can be treated separately. All of them, from Korea to Indo-China and Formosa, depend on China's rulers deciding whether to abide by international understanding or play a double game.

Until Mao makes up his mind to deal fairly with the outside world, says Eden in effect, there can be no lasting settlement. And, for Eden, a settlement is the only object worth striving for. He is a negotiator who likes results.

So the Tories remain silent about China. They wait to see signs that Peking accepts international morality.

The Socialist look, not for signs of better Chinese policy, but for reasons which may hint at how China will behave.

They have not been taken in by China, as critics first feared they might be. Hard-headed trade unionists like Sam Watson have not allowed eyes on the new Communist colossal and have come away with very clear ideas.

The common view among Socialists now is that the chances of full co-existence are dim. Although it may be possible to improve trade and achieve an uneasy peace, the ideological war is certain to continue. This conclusion is important for the Tories. It puts the Socialist Party in a better position to argue that the Tories are following the wrong line in dealing with China. It is better to support the Chinese people in their struggle against the capitalist system than to support the capitalist system in its struggle against the Chinese people.

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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Remembrance Day Ceremony From The Cenotaph To Be Broadcast

Tomorrow is Remembrance Sunday, and Radio Hongkong is to mark the occasion by including in its programmes in the morning a commentary by Duncan Taylor on the Ceremony at the Cenotaph in Statue Square, when His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government and His Excellency the Commander British Forces, and other Government and Service dignitaries will lay wreaths at the foot of the Cenotaph, after observing a two minute silence followed by the Last Post. This commentary will be on the air at 10.45 a.m.

In the evening at 6.30, Radio Hongkong will be relaying the Service of Remembrance at the Cenotaph in Whitehall, from the BBC. Her Majesty the Queen will lead the people of the Commonwealth in paying homage to the fallen of two wars when she lays her wreath on the Cenotaph in Whitehall, and takes part in the Remembrance Day Service, which will be conducted by the Rt. Rev. and Rt. Hon. the Lord Bishop of London.

The Queen will be accompanied by her husband, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, on this occasion of solemn ceremonial. The scene will be set for listeners by Wynford Vaughan Thomas.

MOTORING MAGAZINE

This magazine is a new monthly programme which we hope will interest all motorists, domestic, business, and sporting. Monday's issue includes a quiz by B. B. Harper with a book for the first correct answer opened. A talk about pit management in motor racing by Don Wright, who managed Peter Clark's pit at Le Mans, and a discussion about the "Grand Prix" by some of the drivers and managers who were there. Future programmes will include experts' panels to which we hope listeners will send their queries, relays of motor sporting events in Europe, and news and views on new motor cars arriving in the Colony.

Please send your questions and your quiz answers to Motoring Magazine, Radio Hongkong, Box 200. The first programme, which is edited and introduced by Timothy Birch, can be heard at 7.30 on Monday evening.

MUSIC

Jeannette Ho is a comparative newcomer to RHK, although she is well-known as a member of the Hongkong Choral Group, and has taken the leading role in two locally produced operas—"La Sonnambula" and "La Traviata". For her recital on Wednesday, she is to include in her group, "April" by Tosti, "To a Violet" by Grieg, and "Sweet Vexen" by Dellore.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second and on 9.52 megacycles per second in 31 metre band).

Today

- 12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 1.42 MUSIC: "The Music of the Night" (from "The Phantom of the Opera") by Jacques Offenbach. Conducted by Sir John Barbirolli.
- 1.50 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 1.55 LETTERS FROM AMERICA (RECORDED) LONDON RELAY.
- 2.00 LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—MUSIC FROM BRITISH FILMS (RECORDED).
- 2.05 COME INTO THE PARLOUR: Music from Northern Ireland. Requests: "The Radio Show" (RECORDED).
- 2.10 GREETINGS, messages and requests from your friends. The "Radio Show" (RECORDED).
- 2.15 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.
- 2.20 PRESENTED BY Paula.
- 2.25 STUDIO: "FORCES' CHOICE" (RECORDED).
- 2.30 OVERVIEW: "THE TOWN AND PEASANT" (SUPPER).
- 2.40 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL: H. Joseph v. The Club. Commentary by John Wallace from Causeway Bay.
- 2.45 OLIVER TWIST, by Charles Dickens, adapted for radio by Giles Cooper. Episode 12: "Conclusion" (Local).
- 2.55 SOPHISTICATED SWING—LES ROBERTS AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
- 3.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 3.05 STUDIO: FIVE REQUESTS. Presented by Linda.
- 3.10 CALLING: Army Guard Dog Unit.
- 3.15 TIME SIGNAL AND WORLD NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
- 3.20 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 3.25 ACCENT ON RHYTHM (LONDON RELAY).
- 3.30 CRICKET: LETTER (LONDON RELAY).
- 3.35 FORCES' FAVOURITES (LONDON RELAY).
- 3.40 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 3.45 "REMAUX AND BELLES" (LONDON RELAY).
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FERD'NAND



The Roman Carnival—Overture (Berlioz)—Dr. William Mengelberg conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra. Conducted by John Wallace from the Cenotaph in Statue Square.

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1.05 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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Thursday

1.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

1.05 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL

THIS AFTERNOON'S RUGGER

Last Round Of Friendlies Today Before The Start Of The Pentangular

By "PAK LO"

This afternoon, weather permitting, two rugger games will be played at Sookunpoo. These two games will be the last of the friendlies as next week will bring the first round of the Pentangular Tournament.

The first game this afternoon is between the Police and the Navy, and will kick off at 3.00 p.m. This will be followed at 4.15 p.m. by the match between the Club and the RAF.

The Police have made a few changes in their line-up from last week-end, with Shelley taking over from Mayer, and T. C. M. Smith, who was injured last Saturday.

They move into the second row of the team, and Carpenter takes Perry's place as lock.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Draft Programmes and Entry Forms for the 4th Race Meeting 1954/55 to be held on Saturday 20th and Sunday 21st November, 1954, (weather permitting), may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House, the Club House, Happy Valley, and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday 9th November, 1954.

By Order of the Stewards, Lloyd certainly impressed and his only fault if fault it can be called is that he takes everything almost too calmly.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

THIRD RACE MEETING

Saturday 6th November & Monday 8th November, 1954.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 18 RACES. The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. on the 1st Day and the First Race on the 2nd Day will be run at 1.30 p.m. On the 2nd Day the First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race on the 2nd Day will be run at 1.30 p.m. The interval is after the Fourth Race (1.30 p.m.).

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on the 1st Day and at 10 a.m. on the 2nd Day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission tickets at \$10 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, and members to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of 16 years, Western standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

The cost of a Through Cash Sweep Ticket is \$30.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Almeida Street and 882, Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11 a.m. on the 1st Day and 10 a.m. on the 2nd Day.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce-Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 22nd January, 1955, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office.

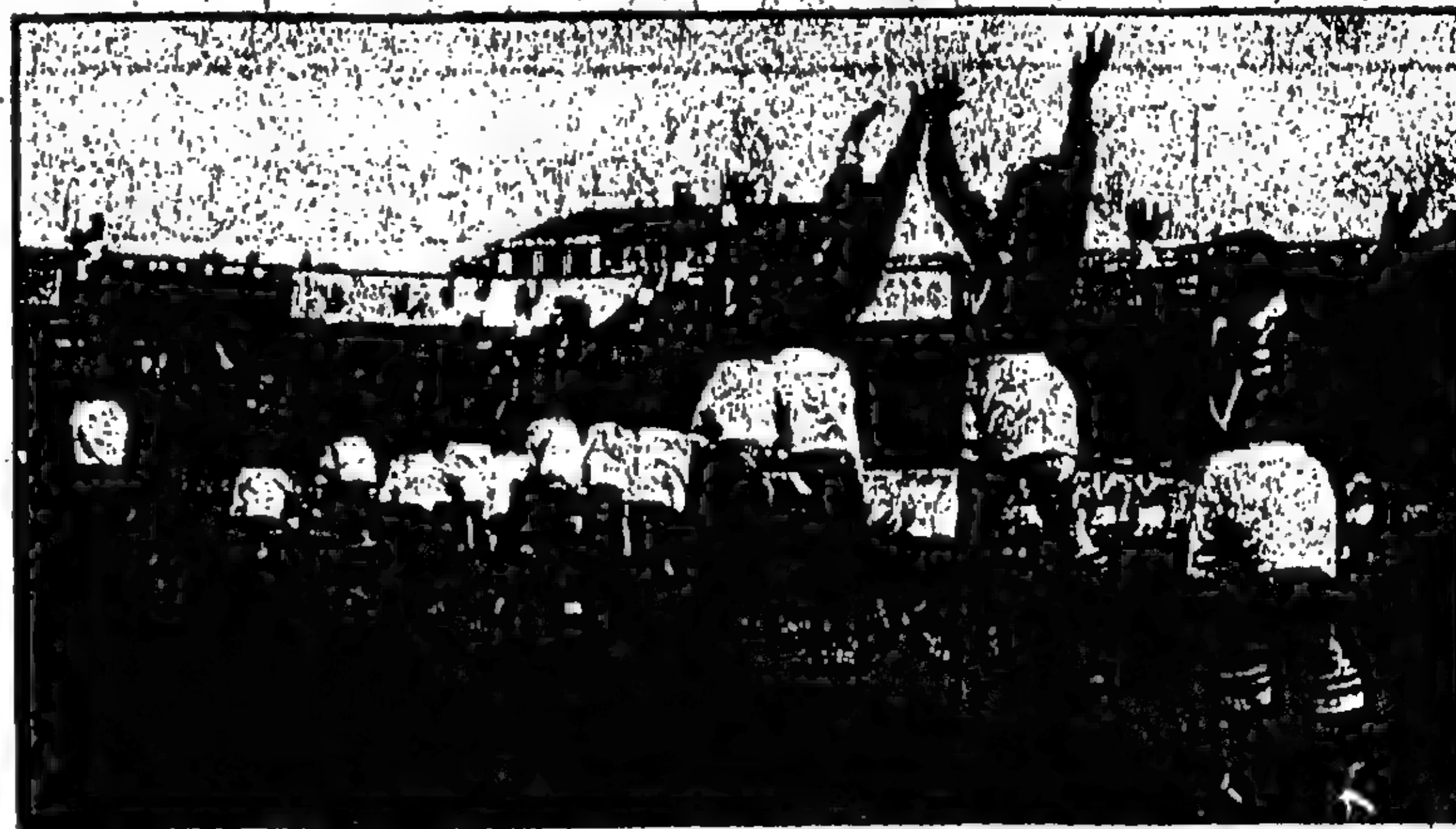
TOTALISATOR

Enclaves are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited. ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN. PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards, H. MISA, Secretary.

MAORI WAR DANCE IN FRANCE



Members of the New Zealand Rugby League team perform a Maori war dance prior to their match against France in which they were beaten by 22 points to 13.

LEAGUE CRICKET

ARMY SOUTH PLAYS RAF IN THIS AFTERNOON'S MOST PROMISING MATCH

By "GOOGLY"

The meeting of the two services teams, Army South and RAF, at Sookunpoo will be the feature match of the Senior Division Cricket League programme over this week-end. I fancy the more consistent Army players to win purely by reason of their more aggressive attack. Both are good fielding sides. As the playing hours are shorter a draw is likely to be the result of this game.

The official time for drawing stumps for November is 6 p.m., and if commencement of the game is delayed an extra ten minutes extension is allowed by the League laws, to bring the official time for drawing of stumps to 6.10 p.m. should the match start ten minutes late.

This accommodation to compensate late starters is only a slight advantage for the light falls to a dangerous point by 5.45 p.m. For commencement punctually at 1.30 p.m. there should therefore be available at the minimum four hours and 15 minutes of play at least for the next week or two.

Towards the latter part of November there should be at least four hours of play, even assuming that there should be an overcast sky, which is normally rare in November.

Coming back to this week's League fixtures, so much of the excitement of the Kowloon Cricket Club. This encounter should be very even, but the odds are on the home team for they have a better all round team.

SECOND DIVISION

In the Second Division the most interesting game will be the clash between Kowloon Cricket Club and Indian Recreation Club "A" at Cox's Road. I will not be surprised at all if the home team pull their opponents down the ladder if Bell, a newcomer to the Colony, feels at home with his grip on the ball.

On present form he is good enough for any First Division XI, but IHC have a couple of youngsters who are not afraid to attack good bowling. There is something wrong with the IHC batting order, and runs should come if this is straightened out.

A. R. Kitchell, the skipper of IHC has not made many runs playing for the Second Division this season, but as soon as he strikes form, which might be today, the consolidation attained might decide the issue.

RAF v. Army at Kai Tak should be another close affair in the division. I would place my bet on the airmen for a win.

Recreio will be the guests of the DBS. They are the only unbeaten team in the Junior Division and should come through the four points unless Tony Myatt, captain of the DBS, compels the visitors to play with a straight bat.

The wooden spoonists to date will have to fight out their Waterloo at Pokfulam. The

Undergraduates might dictate terms if they can score more than 140 runs and if one of their bowlers—Teh, Vanar or J. C. Koh—strikes form with the ball.

The University should register their initial win at the expense of the Navy. The sailors are a team hard to make predictions on, an unknown quantity, and their strength depends on the number of ships in the harbour.

At Chater Road the HKCC Scorpions, after their rude shock at Recreio's hands, will be entertaining the Kowloon Cricket Club. This encounter should be very even, but the odds are on the home team for they have a better all round team.

The HKCC Optimists are better balanced. If they have no outstanding bowler, Spink, Hubble, Mahon and Pritchard can all individually or collectively spread the balls of the best batsmen in the Colony on any one of their "on-days."

The Optimists, however, have to shake themselves off the bad patch they have fallen into lately. Most of them seem to be temperamental, a matter entirely dependent upon feeling. If they just feel like it, their bats can knock up over 200 runs.

CCC will receive Army North as their guests at Happy Valley and a sporting game is expected. With George Souza, and if Dhabar gets going with Kermant, who has struck form lately, they might turn the table.

Kermant, though in form, has a bad bruise on his thigh which affects his fielding and bowling.

CCC's four left-handed batsmen—Kermant, Dhabar, Tan and George Hong Choy—can be very upsetting to their opponents and may even turn the tide in favour of the Valley side. I fancy George Souza and his merry men will end up with the extra points.

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Novices' Athletic Meeting Entries

The following is the full list of competitors at tomorrow afternoon's HKAAA Third Annual Novices' Meeting at Boundary Street:

High Jump (2 p.m.)
Kwong Lau-chin, G. W. Taylor, G. White, H. K. Petrie, P. Shchen, R. J. Pearce, Kal Wan-lung, C. Harrison.

Javelin Throw (2 p.m.)
T. C. M. Smith, I. Smith, C. H. Nickols, Sun Siu-keung, G. Rogers, J. A. Davidson, D. Clouting.

880 Yards Final (2 p.m.)
A. Mok, Chan Shue-yuen, D. Hodgkinson, J. Slade, E. You, Tai Chun-to, E. Taylor, R. Comdy, M. E. Cocking, J. McLean, J. Marr, J. E. Holgate, R. K. Hyatt, J. W. Thomson, L/Bdr. McBeane, Chen Foo-wan.

100 Yards Heats (2.05 p.m.)
Heat 1—Lo Man-chek, P. H. Whittier, Chung Chee-fai, Chung Chun-yin, M. H. Lovett, P. Strutt.

Heat 2—Chung Sau-kow, Chung Ying-wah, Chu Ming, J. E. P. Taylor, R. A. Worms, Hui Sing-lak.

Heat 3—Leung Chak-ping, Wong Bing-chi, P. Parlington, G. P. Spital, Ng Tai-ben.

Heat 4—Ma Chiu-keung, Lau Kam-bong, M. Glasgow, D. A. Fagence, R. C. D. Brown.

Heat 5—Lo Tak-kam, Fu Yum-hing, Chan Van-tai, L/Bdr. Woods, W. V. Whittle.

Heat 6—Wong Kwong-sing, W. J. Halliday, Wong Tso-man, Wong Hon-kwong, N. Thorpe.

One Mile Walk Final (2.20 p.m.)
Ng Tsang-cheung, Yau Yuk-shun, P. E. Grant, F. Addison, C. Chuen-ker, Fung Lap-poon.

Women's 100 Yards Heats (2.30 p.m.)
Heat 1—Tam Mui-kwan, Ng Sit-kwai, D. Hudson, Fung Sik.

Heat 2—Cheung Ho-ye, P. E. Garrard, Cheung Wing-shuen.

Heat 3—Wong (2.25 p.m.)
Cheung, Wai-long, P. S. Y. Cheah, P. H. Findling, K. J. Davies, D. Page, N. H. Gollidge, J. Walker, J. A. Davidson.

Shot Put (2.40 p.m.)
J. McLean, D. J. Talbot, R. A. Worms, L/Bdr. Wyr, D. A. Head, J. Bayliss, A. Pearson, R. J. Shaw, Cheung Pak-jun, Chu Yin-chuen.

440 Yards Hurdles Heats (2.40 p.m.)
Heat 1—Cheung Chow, Chan Shue-yuen, R. M. Bell, Sim Pit-chung.

Heat 2—Sit Put-po, Oswald Lim, Leo Yui-wah.

One Mile Final (2.50)
Chow Chee-lung, F. Addison, H. G. Clark, C. Brent, G. R. Norman, B. Rutter, D. Jendrickson, J. Hodgkinson, Dudley Shaw, Chan Hung-man, J. E. Cager, W. H. G. Wilson, D. Page, C. McFadyen, G. Rogers, Chan Wai-man, D. Hodgkinson, C. Walker, A. Watersall, W. Wake, E. Albrabart, P. J. Springett, Lo Shiu-kei, R. C. D. Brown, L. Egerston, F. Addison, M. Foster, D. Humphreys, P. Court.

Pole Vault (3 p.m.)
Itai Wan-lung, N. H. Gollidge, D. A. Head, Wai Kai-wing, Bdr. Hing, A. Pearson, S. B. Angles, J. Walker, C. Platts.

"Devil Take The Hindmost" Cycling (3.15 p.m.)
D. Wilkinson, Chin Yau, R. Hurford, T. Robinson, R. Martin, Yuen Chor-hang, J. Sanderson.

220 Yards Heats (3.30 p.m.)
Heat 1—D. Toh, Chang Ying-wah, D. Palmer, Wong Hon-kwong, G. F. Spital, P. Strutt.

Heat 2—Chu Ming, Wong Wing-kwong, P. H. Whittier, K. Ralph, Ng Tai-ben, D. A. Fagence.

Heat 3—Chung Sau-kow, Ma Chiu-keung, P. Parlington, J. Halliday, M. R. Lovett, D. Clouting.

Heat 4—Chung Chee-fai, Ho Kit-po, G. Riffello, M. Glasgow, R. A. Worms, L/Bdr. Woods.

440 Yards Heats (3.55 p.m.)
Heat 1—Ho Kit-po, T. A. Barnett, Lau Kam-bong, B. Andrews, D. Figgins, D. Wadsworth.

Heat 2—Cheung Wai-long, Wong Ying-keung, N. Unsworth, K. Ralph, W. V. Whittle, G. Rogers.

Heat 3—Cheung Chek-hung, H. Stewart, J. E. Holgate, L/Bdr. McBeane, Hui Sing-lak.

Heat 4—Chn Sum-ming, E. Taylor, G. White, H. K. Kennedy-Skipston, P. J. Gammons, 120 Yards Hurdles Final (4 p.m.)
Samuel Lo, Wong Yat-sun, T. Merrett, Choy Kwok-ping, G. F. Spital, Yuen Kwok-pul.

Discus Throw Final
D. A. Wells, D. J. Talbot, R. J. Robinson, J. Bayliss, M. Berrum, Chen Foo-wan, Sun Siu-keung, R. C. D. Brown.

Three Miles Final (4.30 p.m.)
Heat 1—W. Owens, F. Addison, R. Candy, D. B. Levers, Gar. Hodges, G. White, Wong Kam-chak, Wong Kam-sun, H. G. Clark, G. R. Norman, Chan Chung-chik, P. J. Springett, Soon Siu, Ying Pui-yun, J. E. Cager, J. W. Thomson, B. Barton, G. R. Bonage, Galloway, J. Slade, R. K. Hyatt, Gnr. Whitehead, G. J. Scott.

Long Jump Final (4.30 p.m.)
Heat 1—Leung-yam, Pang Kam-tong, P. H. Findling, Chu Leung-yam, K. J. Davies, G. E. Angles, G. W. Petrie, Chan Van-tai, Kwok Yuen-wah, R. A. Worms, G. F. Spital, N. H. Gollidge, Ng Tai-ben.

Three Miles Scratch Cycling (4.45 p.m.)
Lam Fook, Lam Hong, R. Martin, R. Hurford, Au Chung-shing, Lo Wai-chuen, J. Sanderson, Lam Sik-yeo, D. Wilkinson, Chan Chen-chung, T. Robinson.

WITCHCRAFT AT CRICKET
Celebrating his 70th birthday at his Cranleigh home, Surrey, last month, was Charlie Parker, most famous and gifted of all Gloucestershire bowlers, now retired as coach to Cranleigh College.

To old admirers he was one of the most studious cricketers ever and is today without peer as a coach. Inevitably they always recall his lucrative partnership with Wally Hammond at slip.

Cricketers have never known such amazing telepathy between bowler and fielder, and together they reaped a bountiful harvest of wickets for Gloucestershire.

Onlookers have declared that from the crasse their uncan understanding was sheer witchcraft and a combination always brilliantly devastating.

Parker had 32 glorious years in County Cricket, bowling with great stamina and consistency up to his retirement at 61 years of age.

ONLY ONE TEST
Yet such remarkable talent earned for him only one appearance for England, although he came to take 3,274 wickets in first-class cricket at the modest cost of 1048 runs each—only the great Rhodes and Freeman have ever bettered this.

At Manchester in the 1921 Fourth Test against the Australians, he bowled the great C. G. Macartney and in 28 overs took two wickets for 32 runs.

In the Australians' 1929 match against Gloucestershire, who this season were the only county over to lose a match with the "Aussies", he took 10 for 126.

He dismissed Bradman for 42 and 16, and some thought in Gloucestershire that Bradman always avoided meeting Parker after that.

At that time English batsmen knew that if Charlie was wearing his cap at a particularly rakish angle it spelled trouble for them.

Before that Australian match his colleagues had ribbed him that young Bradman would give his bowling "some stick", and it was noticed that when Charlie took the field the peak of his cap was almost over his right ear.

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By Order of the Stewards, H. MISA, Secretary.

POP

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WEEK-END SOFTBALL

Pandas Clash With The Saints Tomorrow

The powerful Pandas will clash with the mighty St. Joseph's squad this Sunday morning at 11.30 o'clock in the only Senior "A" League game slated for the week-end at King's Park.

Pandas, freshly victorious over the ex-Champion Braves, are well prepared to battle the Pennant-holders and seek revenge for their humiliation early this year when the Saints wrestled the crown off them in a second-round eight-inning crucial tilt.

St. Joseph's, in the other hand, are not to be underestimated. They are going to put up their best combination of veteran players and promising young recruits to prove their invincibility and are ready to turn back any challenge to their superiority in the field.

Both teams have scored a clean sweep in the Senior "A" League so far with the Saints holding a half-game margin over the Pandas. The batteries of either side—St. Joseph's V. Pedreros and Ignar Erickson and Pandas Jackie Wei and Rayn and Tsao—are considered the best in the Colony.

Other infielders and outfielders such as nimble Benny Omar, swift Arturo Ordo, bumpy Dave Leonard and Jandro Hussain, veterans Ali Young of the Saints, and sturdy Wally Maclin, Y. S. Liang, MVP award winner for two successive years, fast and

and for St. Joseph's V. Pedreros, Ignar Erickson, C. K. Dittin, or Jandro Hussain, lb.; Arturo Ordo or Joaquin Colaco, 2b.; Benny Omar, 3b.; Onofre Souza or Dave Leonard, ss.; A. H. Salleh or Gusale Perera, lf.; A. G. Irmall or Sherry Bucks, cf.; Bimbi Ablong or Ali Young, rf.

No one can tell when the season will end. The only thing is that the Pandas are in a position to win the title. The Saints are in a position to win the title. The Pandas are in a position to win the title. The Saints are in a position to win the title.

The relative line-up for the Pandas will be Jackie Wei, cf.; W. R. Wong, p.; Raymond Tsao, 1b.; K. C. Leung, 2b.; Wally Maclin, 3b.; Y. S. Liang, ss.; L. C. Poon, lf.; Philip Heu, cf.; Dicky Lau, rf.; Frank Cheng, c.; Ong Ming, cf.

DOES SILVERSTONE IMPROVE YOUR CAR?

With the principal events in the motor-racing calendar now over in a welter of speeds, crashes and records, the ordinary car owner asks: "So what?" Not unnaturally, he goes on to ponder the question further with a: "Does racing affect the design and construction of my car, and what do Austin, Morris, Ford, Hillman and Vauxhall learn from Silverstone, Oulton Park and Nurburg?"

The manufacturers reply in short that race-proved features are incorporated in ordinary cars, rather slowly, perhaps, but nevertheless surely, and that there has been a lot of adaptation and improvisation, usually to simplify the mechanism and so reduce the cost of a car.

Years of trial and development on the racing track have, for instance, led to a vast improvement in the family car construction in one important respect—suspension, or the way a car's wheels are connected to the body or chassis.

Motor racing, with its conditions of narrow roads, bends, hard acceleration, quick gear changing, heavy braking and frequent checks, amounts to a scaled-up version of what the average motorist, in less concentrated and acute forms, perhaps, may expect to encounter

on the English highway. During tests of late have revealed that disc brakes are a possible future universal feature. It is an extension of the calliper brake used on bicycles, and is employed a good deal in aircraft, where hard braking is most essential.

Present costs are high for a general switch to the system at the present, but it is hoped eventually to overcome this problem.

Today's modernised ordinary car engine and improved equipment and in tallations have come from the gruelling requirements of rallies and racing. Present-day, and future motorists will always owe so much to the racing few like Stirling Moss, Mike Hawthorn, Roy Salvadori, Tony Rolt and Harry Schell for their intrepid performances on road and track.

OTHER GAMES

Owing to Defence Force camps during this month many senior players cannot turn out for games and many Senior matches are postponed. The only other Senior League game scheduled is the "B" Division Pandas "B" vs. University fixtures. The Collegians have made improvement, but still cannot be expected to resist the more experienced, better balanced Pandas.

In the Junior League tournament, enthusiastic P. I. Dodgers will battle the hardy Blackhawk "B". They are the best in the Gold section and are favourites for the final play-off. The latter have more experience and are expected to win.

Other balanced games are those between SCAA and CAA and Seventeeners and Lynxes. However, CAA and Lynxes are just favoured to emerge the winners. Comets and Dukes should easily beat their opponents, 25 Pounders and Wah Ying.

In the Ladies' League, the games will be one-sided. Ex-Champion Wahooks "A" and Pennant-holders Colleens "A" will have no difficulty in overrunning the rookie Colleens "B" and Overseas Ladies.

THE PROGRAMME

Saturday

2.00 p.m.: (A) SCAA vs. CAA; (B) Seventeeners vs. Lynxes.
3.30 p.m.: (A) 25 Pounders vs. Comets.

Sunday

10.00 a.m.: (A) Wahooks "A" vs. Colleens "B"; (B) Colleens "A" vs. Overseas Ladies.
11.30 a.m.: (A) Pandas "A" vs. St. Joseph's.
2.00 p.m.: (A) Pandas "B" vs. HKU.
3.30 p.m.: (A) P.I. Dodgers vs. Blackhaws "B"; (B) Wah Ying vs. Dukes.

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

LACK OF CONTROL CAN LEAD TO REAL TROUBLE OVER AT THE VALLEY

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

The MacTavish Topper is off again. This time, however, it is not raised in any gesture of salutation.... it is off to be kicked around in utter frustration and dismal disappointment.

One of the most dangerous things that can happen to a sports writer is to allow himself to develop a complex about some controversial aspect of the game he is covering, and I admit to deliberately varying my topics and subjects as much as possible to prevent this happening.

This week, however, I must return to the whole worrying question of refereeing. I think it is fair and reasonable to claim that so far this season the standard of control in First Division games has been generally excellent, and in many cases excellent.

There are some folk, and I am one of them, who still feel that the game in the Colony would benefit from much stricter control of the rough play that has been such an unpleasant feature of the season so far.

However, this apart, there isn't really very much wrong in the Senior Division, but, how I wish I could say the same about the lower sections of the League.

Something simply must be done about this. Let me give you two excellent illustrations from games played at the Valley last week-end.

The first one is a real "pip-pip". One of the players collected the ball from a hefty kick downfield by an opponent. The opposition apparently decided that there was little use in chasing it so the man in possession was left unmolested.

He decided in his turn that tactically the most profitable thing to do was to retain possession until tackled by an opponent, so he stood with the ball at his feet.

Time went on—probably it was not more than seconds—then the referee blew his whistle and awarded a free kick against the man-in-possession for, of all things, wasting time! That is in accordance with the referee's own statement to the players.

During the same game the official in charge awarded an indirect free-kick just outside the six-yard line. Chaos reigned supreme and after he had made a couple of abortive attempts to get things organised the referee—suddenly and he was a European—said "Oh come on let's get on with the game" and blew his whistle for the kick to be taken although the rules were being flagrantly broken all around him.

I knew only too well that it is always easy to criticise but, inexperienced as they are, these men are qualified officials, and we know from past experience that lack of control can lead to real trouble "over-in-the-Valley".

TOPICAL PIECE

I am indebted to a local correspondent for a most interesting item about football under floodlights. With work being pushed ahead on the new installations at the Club Stadium and Caroline Hill this is a very topical piece of news and I quote my correspondent without comment.

"There is a feeling abroad that Floodlight Football is a modern innovation, so I am sending you a reproduction of a very old programme which shows that this is not so... in fact the idea is very nearly 100 years old!"

Enclosed with this comment is a reproduction of a programme from the Glasgow Exhibition of 1878 which shows three games—two soccer and one rugby—scheduled for November 19 of that year.

The big game was between two of the top teams of the day, Vale of Leven and Renton, the supporting soccer match was between the juveniles from the North and South of Glasgow, and, as a point of interest for the rugby football fans, their game was played between teams from West of Scotland RFC, and Glasgow University.

It would appear from the wording on the programme that even at those days there was active argument about different systems of lighting. I say this because great prominence is given to the announcement that the games were to be played under "Wells Light".

Makes you think... doesn't it.....?

NOTHING IN THE RULES

A remark I overheard in the stands at Caroline Hill the other day set me thinking and wondering. The remark was something like this "Only the captain of the side should be allowed to make protests or appeals to the referee.... and the referee should only speak to other players in the presence of the team captain."

This idea of pushing things onto the captain has always worried me, but now, after a lot of looking through books, it worries me still more and I write this in the hope that someone may be able to supply a satisfactory answer.

In my search through the rules of the game I can find no mention anywhere about the "captain of a side".... his rights.... his qualifications.... or his responsibilities.

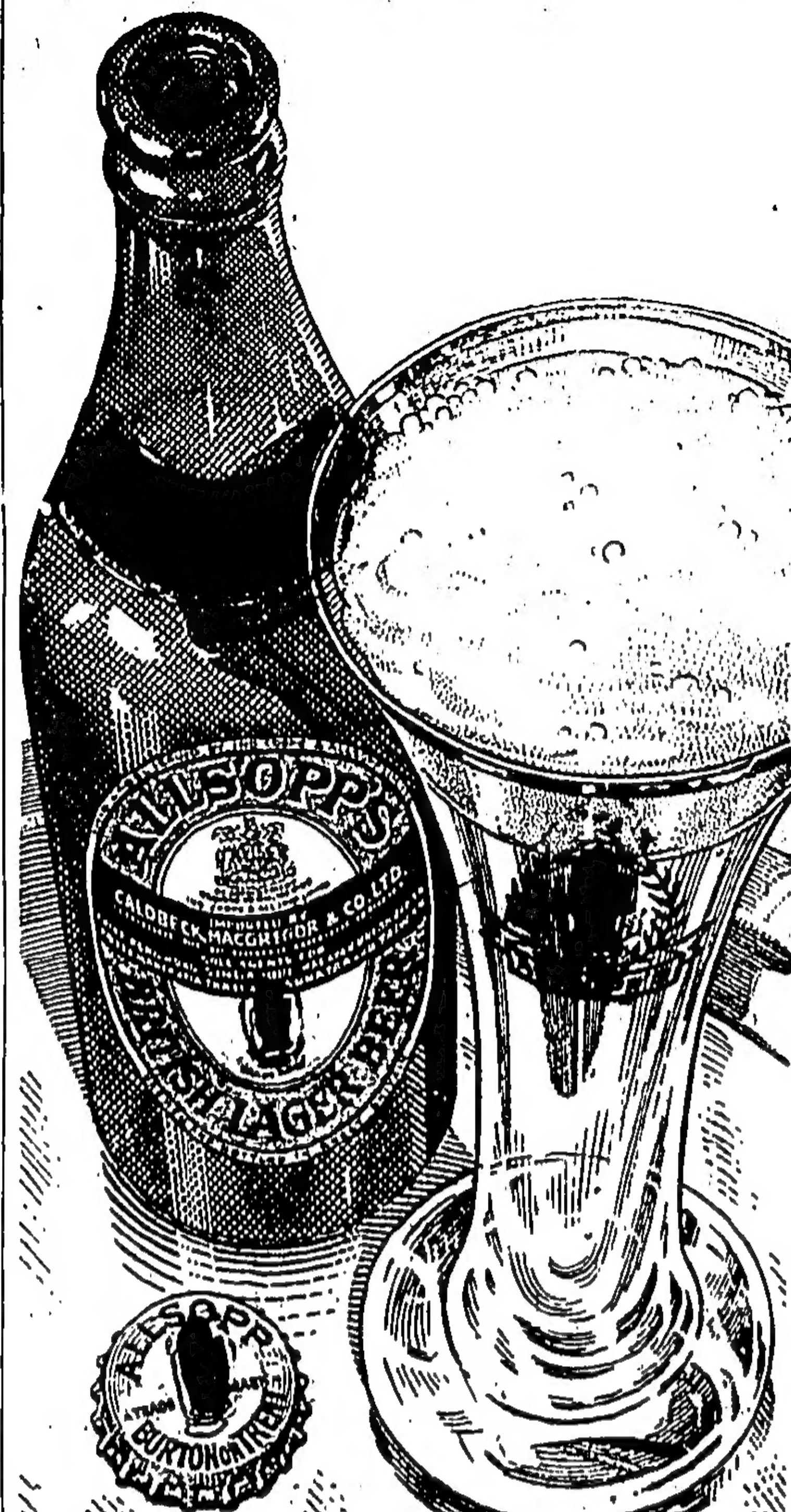
New this raises a most interesting point or points as the case might be, for it would seem that the referee on his part is fully justified in regarding the captain as just another player and ignoring any approach made by him.... while in reverse the "captain" might well point out that he has no status whatsoever on the field that requires him to be other than "just-another-player".

I know very well that by precedent referees and club officials do recognise team captains as very useful members of any game.... but Hongkong residents who have picked their cars on the same spot for years and then suddenly get a summons will know only too well that "precedent" is not by any means foolproof. There is a lot of food for thought in this matter and I would be glad to hear from anyone who has any information about the introduction of the "team-captain" in soccer.

WEEK-END GAMES

With the reversion to Standard Time the mid-week

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"CORFU"	10th November	13th November
"CANTON"	10th November	13th November
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"CARTHAGE"	13th November	21st November
"CORFU"	13th November	21st November
"CANTON"	13th November	21st November
Via Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Aden, Port Said & London		

FREIGHT SERVICE

Outwards	Leaves London	Due Hongkong
"CHUSAN"	10th November	13th November
"CARTHAGE"	10th November	13th November
"CORFU"	10th November	13th November
"CANTON"	10th November	13th November
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"CORFU"	10th November	13th November
"CANTON"	10th November	13th November
Via Southampton, Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Penang & Singapore		

P. & O. B. I. JOINT SERVICE

Outwards	Leaves London	Due Hongkong
"CHUSAN"	10th November	13th November
"CARTHAGE"	10th November	13th November
"CORFU"	10th November	13th November
"CANTON"	10th November	13th November
Via Southampton, Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Penang & Singapore		

EASTERN & AUSTRALIAN S.S. CO., LTD.

Outwards	Leaves London	Due Hongkong
"CHUSAN"	10th November	13th November
"CARTHAGE"	10th November	13th November
"CORFU"	10th November	13th November
"CANTON"	10th November	13th November
Via Southampton, Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Penang & Singapore		

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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU READ?

Story Of Frieda's Fishing Expedition

● The Challenge: Do you know what you read? Here is a short story about a young girl. Read it only once. Then see how many of the ten questions at the end of the story you can answer correctly. Write true or false. If from the story you can't decide the answer, then write N.E., which means No Evidence.

★ ★ ★

"I DON'T mind going fishing with you," said Frieda Herlins to her father, "but I can't pick garden worms. Maybe I am sorry for them."

"Don't worry about that," replied her father. "I already have enough worms to catch a lot of fish." Mrs. Hilda Herlins had prepared a good lunch for her husband and daughter. And now she spoke a farewell as both were seated in their Buick.

"If you catch fish, I want them cleaned. Otherwise give them away. You enjoy catching and eating fish. But I do not enjoy cleaning them. It is painful when you get fish scales in your fingers."

"I promise you faithfully," said Frieda, "that if I catch any fish you will have them all cleaned. That much I can do for my darling mother."

A half hour later Mr. Herlins stopped his car at Meadows Lake. He walked to the shack where Captain Williams rented rowboats.

"How much do you get for a rowboat for the day?" he asked. "A small boat is three dollars. And a big boat is five dollars."

"Shouldn't it be the other way around?" protested Mr. Herlins. "Don't tell me how to run my business," snapped back the captain. "Take it or leave it."

Ten minutes later, Frieda and her father were seated in a large rowboat. Mr. Herlins was using his fishing pole. But Frieda used a drop line. For two hours not a fish nibbled at the worms.

Then Frieda had an idea. "I don't think the fish are hungry. I am getting hungry. I will eat and maybe the fish will get the idea."

Mr. Herlins watched his daughter eat one sandwich, then a second, a third, and a fourth. And she drank a pint thermos full of warm cocoa.



"The fresh air gives you an appetite," commented her father who didn't eat anything.

Suddenly there was a tug at Frieda's fishing line. She tried to pull up the line but found it very heavy.

"Please help me, daddy," she pleaded. "I must have caught a whale."

"Whales swim in salt water, not in fresh water," corrected her father. "But I will help you. He pulled up the line and there was no fish on the hook. Instead the hook had caught around a cord that was in turn wrapped around a cardboard box."

★ ★ ★

"Maybe it is a bomb," suggested Frieda. "Cheerful thought," said Mr. Herlins as he opened the box with his knife. And then Frieda laughed as she saw the contents.

"Six tins of tuna fish! Now mother will have her fish all cleaned."

QUESTIONS

1. Frieda's last name is Herlins.
2. Frieda and her father sat in a Packard.
3. Mrs. Herlins enjoys cleaning fish.
4. They drove to Meadows Lake, father and daughter.
5. Frieda's eyes are blue.
6. A small boat rented for two dollars for the day.
7. For two hours not a fish nibbled.

A QUIZ ON BIRDS

NEXT TIME you are having a party, here is a good game to play. It is just as much fun if a group of you are lounging about looking for something to occupy your time. It's a clever test on birds. Use the name of a certain bird to help answer each of the following statements:

1. A famous English outlaw.
2. Bird in "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner."
3. The last streetcar at night.
4. Last name of "The Lady With a Lamp."
5. The last work of an artist or poet.
6. A famous American artist.
7. An Indian woman.
8. Machinery used to hoist things.
9. The flash of a light.
10. A religious leader.
11. Group of islands.
12. A poem by Poe.
13. A police spy.
14. Kind of clock.

(Answers on Page 20)

Rupert at Greyrocks Cove—15



To Rupert's disappointment the foreign stranger only gives him one of the knobby new fruits to his mind. "I do hope Daddy won't think I've been wasting his money," he thinks, as he hurries round the harbor. But Mr. Bear, after glancing at the queer thing, says: "It's a good one."

—8. Mr. Herlins used an expensive outfit.

—9. Frieda drank cocoa.

—10. There were sardines in the tins.

Scoring—10 per cent for each correct answer. If you get 100 per cent—perfect. From 80 to 90 per cent good. 60 to 70 per cent, fair; if below 50 per cent, you should read with more care.

(Answers on Page 20)

A Midnight Adventure

—Christopher Cricket Saw a Clock Parade—

By MAX TRELL

"I KNOW I've said this before," said Christopher Cricket to Knarf and Hanid, "and I'll say it again. It is only late night, after everyone in the house is fast asleep that you can begin to have strange adventures."

Knarf wanted to know what kind of "strange adventures" Christopher Cricket meant.

Nocturnal Adventures

"Well," said Christopher as he sat himself down comfortably on an overturned flowerpot. Let me tell you about the adventure that I had last night and you'll understand exactly what I mean."

Knarf and Hanid both begged Christopher to tell them the whole story of his adventures, then Christopher Cricket began:

"Well, it was just a few minutes . . . in fact, to be exact, just one minute . . . before twelve o'clock when suddenly a strange thing happened. Or rather, a strange thing didn't happen."

"I don't understand," said Hanid.

Christopher Cricket smiled. "If you were in a room and you know it was just one minute before twelve o'clock, you must have been looking at a clock to have known that."

Hanid admitted that was right. "And," continued Christopher, "if you were looking at a clock and it was going, you would expect it to keep on going, wouldn't you?"

Hanid nodded. "And," said Christopher, "if it was the kind of clock that struck, or a cuckoo clock that called out the hours, you would expect the clock to make the right sounds at twelve o'clock."

Time Stands Still

Here Knarf joined in to say that everything that Christopher had said was right. "Well," said Christopher, "what happened last night, was that all the clocks in the house stopped. They stopped ticking. They stopped striking. The cuckoo didn't come out at all. And more than

After 100 years— The Robot Postman

THE old and the new have come together in Berlin to show the world how stamps and all that goes with them have progressed in 100 years.

THE OLD is represented by an exhibition and this stamp is issued to celebrate it.



The stamp shows an old-time driver of a postal coach complete in shiny top hat, white breeches and leather jack-boots. It is printed in photogravure, perforated 14 and costs 10d. in London.

THE NEW is an electrical robot postman which has been installed at a West Berlin post office.

The customer inserts the money and the robot stamps and posts letters and parcels to all parts of the world.

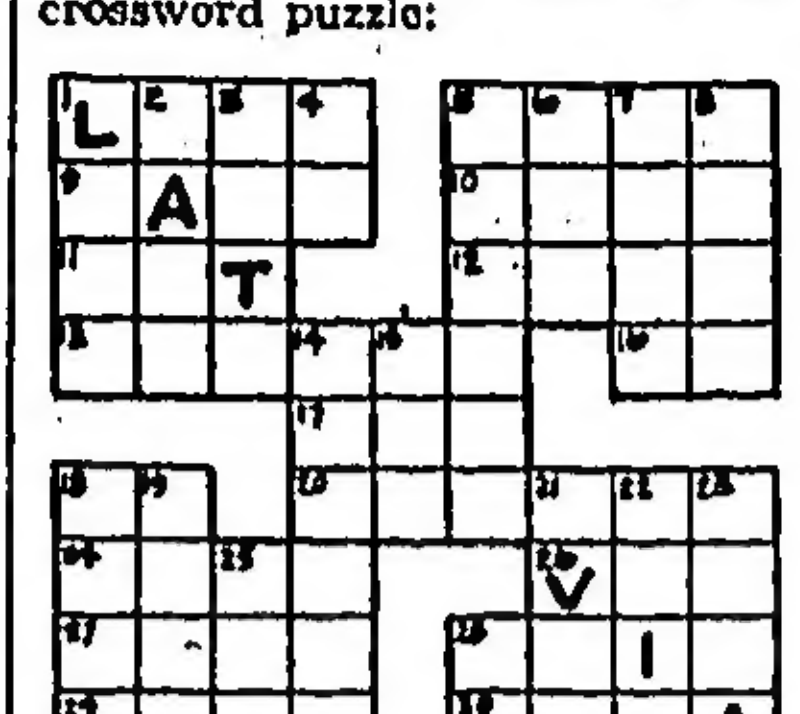
Similar machines are expected to be installed all over West Germany.

Yes, stamps, like time, march on.—J.A.A.

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

Cartoonist Cal has lotted in the word LATVIA to give you a little help in solving this crossword puzzle:



ACROSS

- 1 Jump
- 2 Wands
- 3 Nobleman
- 4 Kind of cheese
- 5 Hops' kiln
- 6 Remove
- 7 Barber
- 8 Compass point
- 9 Scottish sallyard
- 10 Part of "to be"
- 11 Armed fleet
- 12 Peruse
- 13 Mover's truck
- 14 Sea eagle
- 15 Check
- 16 Hardens
- 17 Bear constellation

DOWN

- 1 Boy's name
- 2 Facility
- 3 Wiles
- 4 Place (ab.)
- 5 Ransom
- 6 Poem
- 7 Pigeon peas
- 8 Merganser
- 9 Barbers
- 10 Gibbon
- 11 Greek god of war
- 12 Simple
- 13 State
- 14 Raised platform
- 15 Girl's name
- 16 Social insect
- 17 Symbol for ruthenium

CODED MESSAGE

A simple code has been substituted for the correct letters in the following message about Latvia. As a clue, Latvia is the first word in the sentence: Mhuwjb it b Tpdjbmjtu Tpwfu Sfyemid, eva opa sldphofae bj vtdl ca ulf Vojafe Tabuf.

ANAGRAMS

Rearrange the letters in the first part to form a word defined by the second part: AT VILE CUR—Profitable SHIED CRAG—Release THE MYSTICAL PLAY—Tenderly FLOW UNDER—Marvellous

(Solutions on Page 20)

MESSAGERIES MARITIMES

P.O. Box 53 Queen's Building Tel: 26851

FAST PASSENGER/FREIGHT SERVICE

"CAMBODGE" sailing Nov. 12th
"LAOS" sailing Dec. 4th

FAST FREIGHT SERVICE

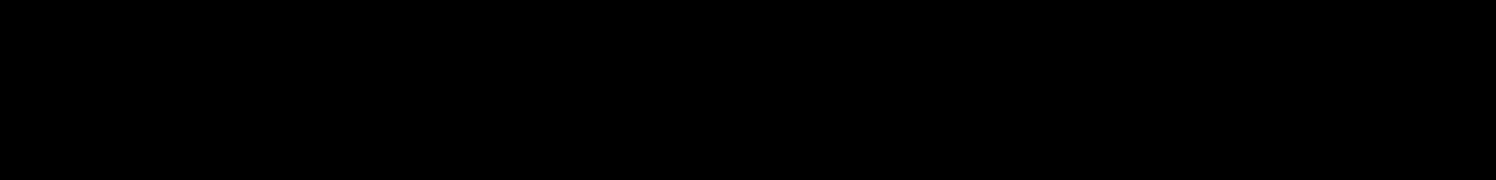
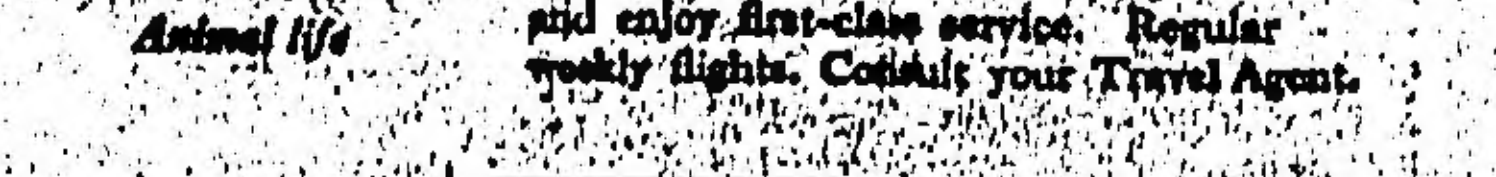
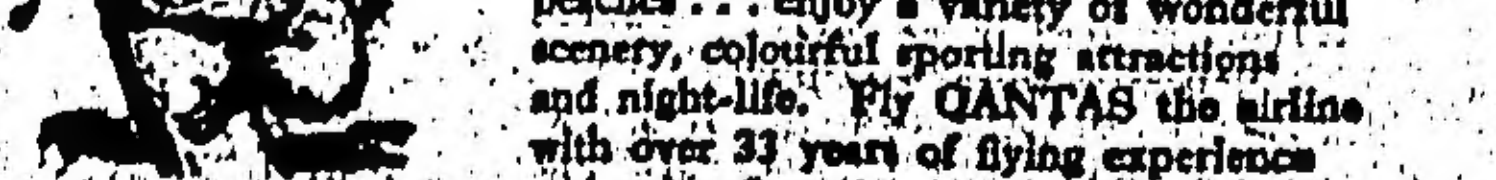
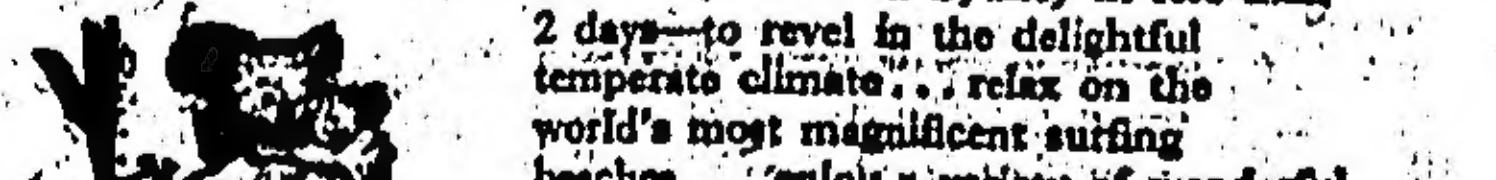
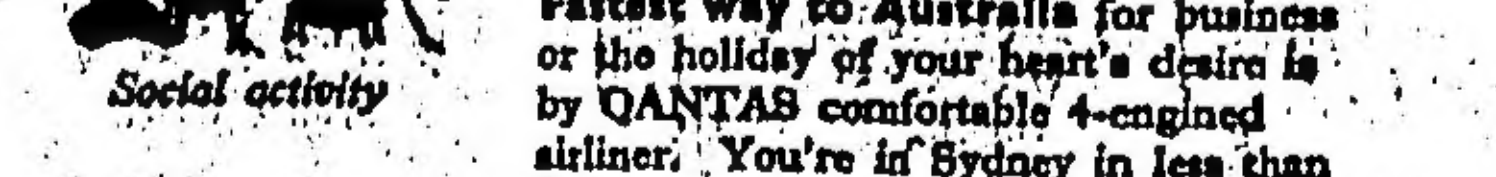
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* "BIR HAKEM" sailing Dec. 19th

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CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1954

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**JOHN CLARKE'S
CASEBOOK**

On 4s. 7d. A Day

THEY felt so sure of themselves at the time of their marriage. Life had never been easy for either of them. Daniel, the pint-sized bridegroom, or his young bride, whom he topped by an inch or two. They had both grown up the hard way.

But now, together, they felt boundlessly confident. Daniel's past had not been blameless. Three times he had been to prison. But he had put that kind of thing behind him and gone straight for five years. He had a job now and his wife's unqualified faith in him to keep him that way.

FURNISHING

THEY had a home, too, to go to after their marriage, and in due course a child was born to them.

They were exceedingly happy, but now fears began to gnaw at their earlier confidence. For they had furnished their home almost entirely by a hire-purchase plan.

Under that, they had to pay £3 15s a week in instalments on the bedroom suite, the dining-room suite, and most of the kitchen furniture.

WE'LL MANAGE

DANIEL'S pay as a warehouseman was £3 a week. When the hire purchase instalments and the rent were paid his wife was left with £1 12s. 4d. a week on which to clothe and feed her husband and her child and herself. A fraction over 4s. 7d. a day to provide for the three of them.

Somewhat or other they kept up with their commitments. They managed to go glad, and not to starve. And somehow the marriage showed not the slightest sign of cracking under the strain.

THE STRANGER

THE other evening, as he was on his way home from the warehouse he worked, Daniel was stopped by a stranger. "I'm a police officer," the stranger said. "What's in that parcel you're carrying?"

It was a small, brown-paper wrapped parcel. "I stole it," Daniel said. "It's some tea."

At the Clerkwell court, next morning, Daniel, a dark, curly-haired man, whom a link of long ago causes to walk with a heavy limp, pleaded guilty to stealing 1½ lb. of tea from his employers.

HE IS SO GOOD

THE story was told to Mr. T. F. Davies, the magistrate, and the man who had been Daniel's boss went into the box to say that Daniel had been a good worker, adding: "But I'm afraid he'll have to leave us."

Then Daniel's wife came forward to speak for him, and a new sparkle illuminated the pleasant features of her husband's face.

"He only did this for me," Daniel's wife said. "I'm sure he's very ashamed of himself. He is so good and nice."

"You betray yourself, your wife, your employers," said the magistrate to Daniel. "It is quite impossible to let this pass. Go to prison for 21 days."

His wife's look, and her love, followed him as he was shown from the court. Then she went to collect her baby, whom she had left in a policeman's charge.

The baby wanted comforting, and she did her best, then went away.

Seeing her go you know that her faith in Daniel was unshaken still, was absolute.

Algerian Outlaw Reported Shot

Oran, Nov. 5. The chief of one of the Algerian outlaw bands which struck several parts of the country two days ago was shot dead today by French police.

He was Ben Abdelhak, Alek Ramdan of Constantine, who led the outlaws in the region of Casseigne. Ramdan's chief aide, Douar Miloud, of Hocquet, was captured. —France-Press.

RED REVOLUTION

Moscow Prepares For 37th Anniversary NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV MAY BE SPEAKER

Moscow, Nov. 5. Dressed in the reddest garb it reserves for the big occasions, Moscow prepared today for the weekend celebrations of the 37th anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution.

A keynote policy speech will be delivered by a Soviet leader at a meeting tomorrow evening, customarily held at the Bolshoi Theatre.

Portraits of the top Soviet leaders are on display in the city streets, amid masses of red bunting and banners and political slogans. Editorials in Soviet newspapers today struck the note of "peaceful co-existence" with the West.

MISSING YACHT LOCATED

Norfolk, Va., Nov. 5. The "Fairwinds," a two-masted ketch unheeded from in 10 days, was located by a Coast Guard seaplane 70 miles north of Bermuda.

The small ship, with two persons aboard, was reported becalmed and out of fuel. The Coast Guard had said a ship probably would have to be sent from Bermuda to tow the stranded vessel in.

Coast Guard planes searched Atlantic coastal waters between New York and Bermuda last night and this morning for the missing ship. The "Fairwinds" sailed from City Island, New York, on October 23, and was reported in Bermuda yesterday afternoon. There is no radio aboard the ship.

The ship's crew consisted of owner Kit Katt of St. Louis, Virginia Islands, and William McCarthy. —United Press.

Fight For Places In Cage Tournament

Rio De Janeiro, Nov. 5. Uruguay was leading the Philippines by 24 points to 18 at the 12th minute of these two teams' match for the World Basketball Championships. The score was level until the 8th minute when the Latin American team forged ahead with a lead of five points. Play was rather confused, and the Philippines team did not yet appear to have found their best form, in the early part of the game.

At half-time Uruguay was still holding on to its lead by 32 points to 31.

Uruguay and the Philippines are fighting for third place in the World Championships, trailing behind Brazil and the United States who meet tonight for the first and second places. —France-Press.

Schoolboy Equals Olympic Jump

Brisbane, Nov. 5. Brisbane schoolboy Charles Porter is equalled an Olympic Games feat when he cleared six feet six inches in a school sports high jump.

Only five inches below the world record it equalled the height jumped by Australian John Winter to win the Olympic Games in London in 1948.

Charles broke the Australian "under 19s" record of six feet four inches and the Queensland State record of six feet five and half inches. He is a pupil of Brisbane Church of England Grammar School. —Reuter.

'Family' Dinner For Queen Mother

Washington, Nov. 5. An Australian passion fruit salad and Australian wines will be served at the "family" dinner the Australian Embassy is giving Queen Mother Elizabeth tomorrow night.

Australian officials said that Sir Percy is giving the dinner as he is the Dean of the Commonwealth diplomatic corps and it will be a family dinner with the Queen Mother and her party, will be the guests.

They said that blazing log fires will be lit in the reception rooms as the Queen Mother is more familiar with that kind of warmth than with central heating. —United Press.

ANTIBIOTICS REDUCE AUST. DEATH RATE

New York, Nov. 5. The Australian death rate in acute infectious diseases has been reduced by two-thirds as a result of the use of new antibiotics, Dr. A. W. Holmes A'Court, consulting physician at the Sydney Hospital said today.

Dr. A'Court, who is in New York for an international symposium on antibiotics, said that Australia's disease problem is comparable to that of the United States and Western Europe, except for a few areas where tropical ailments are present.

He also said that the inhabitants of a primitive mountain valley in New Guinea, recently discovered by aerial survey, may yield significant disease secrets for medical research. —United Press.

No Pink Elephant In Wheat Field

Cootamundra, Aust., Nov. 5. Farmer Ken Gibb awoke one morning to see an elephant in his wheat-field.

It was contentedly browsing through his crop at the rate of several inches an hour. It was headed into an adjoining paddock while police contacted its owner, a travelling circus. —China Mail Special.

Danny Kaye Appeals For UNICEF Funds

United Nations, Nov. 5. Comedian Danny Kaye, "Ambassador At Large" for the United Nations Children's Fund on a recent Asian tour, appealed today for greater support of the world fund to spread food and medical care among 600,000,000 needy children.

Mr. Kaye made a UNICEF film of projects in Burma, Hongkong, Japan, India and Thailand which Paramount Pictures will distribute commercially in order to spread knowledge of UNICEF and help increase voluntary contributions to the fund.

"I think this country can afford a lot more than the little bit we are now giving to UNICEF," Mr. Kaye said. —United Press.

DUSTBIN AIDS SCIENCE

Sydney, Nov. 5. Australian scientists had to build an English dustbin in the cause of cosmic ray research at Badger's Creek Farm, New South Wales.

A British scientist, Dr. E. P. George, wanted one for his special telescope designed to detect the almost undetectable flashes of light which cosmic rays emit.

He had built his original telescope back in England in the most suitable heavy metal barrel he could find—an ordinary large dustbin.

When he got here he found Australian counterparts different in size and shape—and rather than redesign his delicate equipment he persuaded local scientists to re-design one of their dustbins. —China Mail Special.

Mr France Warns He Will Use Confidence Vote

Paris, Nov. 5. Premier Pierre Mendes-France tonight posed a confidence question to force through a hostile National Assembly the 1955 budget which will launch his long-heralded programme for French recovery.

M. Mendes-France told a crowded Chamber of Deputies that he would use the confidence vote procedure, if necessary, to get approval of France's \$9,318,000,000 next year in a New Deal-type scheme to re-convert and modernise the French economy.

The first test the Premier chose was on his demand that the powerful Finance Committee's adverse report appropriations for the Ministry of PTT be rejected.

VOTE TUESDAY

The vote will be taken at 2 p.m. GMT on Tuesday and in the interim, the canny Premier will seek to persuade the strong Socialist Party, with its 105 Deputies and with its particular electoral attachment to France's numerous bureaucrats, not to fight him.

The budget is the issue on which more French governments have foundered than any other. The chamber is littered with the blasted hopes of aspiring politicians who could not find a way to reconcile the numerous conflicting special-interest groups represented in the multi-party system.

Former Red Soldiers In Paris

Paris, Nov. 5. Five Chinese veterans of the Korean war who "chose freedom" last January arrived here tonight for a five-day "goodwill" visit to thank the French people for contributing to the Korean armistice.

The five have been on similar missions to various nations since they left Taiwan last August and received a triumphant welcome in the United States. Their last stop was Madrid and they will leave here on November 11.

While they are in Paris they will lay a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. —France-Press.

Two Old Pals Meet

New York, Nov. 5. General Douglas MacArthur and the Japanese Prime Minister, Mr. Shigeru Yoshida—"two old friends"—met today in the General's hotel suite for a private talk.

Photographers were admitted briefly to the suite decorated with oriental paintings and art objects. During the picture-taking the tall General put his arm across his visitor's back, patting his shoulder.

"Mark that—two old friends," General MacArthur said smiling.

He then ushered the Prime Minister to seat for a talk. Assistants said there would be no announcement of the topics discussed.

The visit was made before a luncheon in honour of Mr. Yoshida. —Reuter.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD:

LEAP RODS
EARL EDAM
OGT DELE
NESTLE GW
RAE
AM ARMADA
READ VAN
ERNE REIN
SETS URCA

CODED MESSAGE: "Latvia is a Socialist Soviet Republic, but not recognised as such by the United States."

MIX-UPS: Peter the Great; Marley or sandy areas; Thousand lakes.

TRIANGLE:

L
SA
SPT
SEAN
SPAH
LATVIA

LATVIA REBUS: Rigas; Pines; Flour; Dvina River.

ANAGRAMS: Lucrative; Discharge; Sympathetically; Wonderful.

FRIENDS' FISHING EXPEDITION:

1. True 2. False 3. True 4. False 5. N. E. 6. True 7. False 8. N. E. 9. True 10. False

BIRD QUIZ: 1. Robin Hood; 2. Albatross; 3. Owl; 4. (Horned) Nightingale; 5. Swan song; 6. Whistler; 7. Squaw; 8. Crane; 9. Flicker; 10. Cardinal; 11. Chaffy; 12. Raven; 13. Stool pigeon; 14. Cuckoo.



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NOTICE

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Members and the Public can contact an Officer of the Society by dialling 37670 by day and 37694 by night.

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STAMPS

SOMETHING NEW and EXCLUSIVE. Fresh stocks received of collectors' packs of assorted stamps. From 20 cents per packet upwards. An entirely new series, South China Morning Post Ltd. Wyndham Street and Salisbury Road, Kowloon.

NOTICE

BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY

Post-Certificate Nursing Scholarship for Colonial Nurses

The British Red Cross Society awards a Scholarship each year to Colonial Nurses for Post-Certificate Studies. It has now been decided that the award of the Scholarship should be regionalised and should be awarded in turn to a nurse from the following regions:

1. East Africa — awarded 1953/54.
2. West Indies — awarded 1954/55.
3. Far East and Hong Kong.
4. Other Branches.
5. West Africa.

A nurse from Hong Kong has a chance to win the Scholarship for the year 1955/56.

Those interested should apply immediately to:—

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